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Things Theatrical.

FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

LONDON, January 23, 1836.

MY DEAR SIR—Since my last letter, touching things theatrical, we have had a great novelty—a really good play, really well acted. This was at St. James's Theatre (Braham's); and the best of the matter is this—an author-actor has achieved the two-fold triumph. He has brought out a new piece, called "MONSIEUR JAQUES."

I had the pleasure of witnessing the first performance of this drama, and may as well indicate something of its nature. There's an old French music-master, 'yclept *Master Jaques*. Affliction and many cares have robbed him of all comforts, save hope, good humour, a kind heart, and his piano. Early in life, he was wedded to the fair daughter of an Italian noble—his wife is torn from his arms—he himself is sent to the gallies—his escape has taken place, aided by his wife (who contrives how he shall escape, and furnishes the means); and she sends him a precious gift—a piece of paper, promising that she shall immediately follow him. He carries this scrap of paper constantly about him—*her* precious hands have sanctified it into value—*her* sweet promise is thereon written by those hands. It is a talisman for memory and for hope—it is a sweet soother amid very many sorrows—it whispers of the by-gone times of their happy and mutual love; the hours of delight, which flew so quickly, and whose sole regret was, that they could never more return.

On the faith of the promise which this paper contains, has Master Jaques lived on, in hope, from manhood to old age; and still, even amid his sorrows, he still lives to hope. When even this solace fails, the old man sits down to his beloved piano—forgets that he is poor and aged; and while playing old tunes, which memory has sanctified, is thought-led to earlier hours, and to moments sanctified by the sweet enjoyments of love.

I told you that he was poor. He has a fellow-lodger: a young poet, deeply in debt—more deeply in love—most deeply in despair. He contemplates running away, when the lady visits him—discovers that Master Jaques is her long-lost, deeply-lamented father—prevents the landlord seizing on his beloved piano, for rent—tells him that inexorable death had alone prevented the fulfilment of her mother's promise—and duly raises her father from poverty, and weds the young poet; so that, at last,

"All goes merry as a marriage-bell."

The plot, you will perceive, is very trifling: it hangs well together, however, in the acting; and Barnett, who is the best Frenchman on the stage, made every point *tell*. Not merely does he display exquisite skill, but a delicacy of thought and feeling, which, in such parts, has never before been evinced. In fact, I suspect (for Barnett has known much of the vicissitudes of fortune) that very much of the play—especially where a rapacious lodging-house keeper takes advantage of his need to buy from him, for a trifle, admirable compositions of his own—must have been drawn from personal experience. But his performance is so easy and natural—so life-like in all its parts—so full of feeling—such a minglement of gay and melancholy changes—of grotesqueness and real dignity—that the audience are nightly won to tears; and, as Garrick said, "tears are honest, if the hands are not."

In a word, there is not a more perfect piece of individuality on the stage. Barnett's mixture of French and broken English is excellent.

The music of the piece is by John Barnett—is well introduced—and Morris Barnett and Miss Horton very effectively sing it.

Since its opening, Braham's theatre has rather been *fashionably* than *numerously* attended. This piece of Morris Barnett's, however, is drawing large audiences, and the theatre is now a *paying* speculation.

At the Adelphi, there is a new melo-drama, which I shall make it a point of seeing this evening, and report thereon. Mrs. Stirling is a great favorite here, and very much admired; which I wonder at, as the former favorites (Mrs. Honey, Mrs. Humby, Miss Vincent, &c.) were all ladies of very *uneasy* virtue; while Mrs. Stirling, albeit a pretty woman, (ay, and *knows* it, too,) is also a *modest* woman.

Young Mathews is getting on so very well, that Madame Vestris has engaged him for the next season, on very advantageous terms. He has appeared in another new part—*Mr. Swiftly*, in "One Hour, or The Carnival Ball." There is very little in the piece; but Mathews bustles through it in admirable, easy style. He dances the tarantala (a Neapolitan dance) in a very beautiful manner; and sings a song (Neapolitan also) with that curious articulation—distinct and rapid—in which he is even more famed than his father was. The first night this piece came out, he broke down in a duet with Madame Vestris (he never had sung with her before); but since then, has got through it very well.

The piece would be nothing, but for the acting. Mr. Swiftly pursues a pretty girl, recently married to another, and who does not care for him—overlooks the beauty and merits of her cousin, with whom he enjoys a *tête-à-tête* of an hour (intending to pass it with the married dame)—has one of those sudden reformations which only take place on the stage—and marries the lady who has loved him. The *tête-à-tête* is admirable; and Vestris (the unmarried cousin) shows some of her best acting in it.

Rayner (the best Yorkshireman we have) has suddenly closed the Lyceum, because it did not pay him. Braham's theatre will be—what the Lyceum was built for—the real English Opera.

This week is considered (*why*, I know not) the last of the holidays; so the pantomime has been played every night, at Drury Lane, either with the Siege of Rochelle and the Jewess, or the Bronze Horse and the Jewess.

Bunn is said to be bringing out a new tragedy, written by some friend of Macready, who has the first part. All the strength of the company will be engaged in it; and Ellen Trèe will play the heroine, unless Macready and she have a previous scolding-match.

Helen Faucit continues to draw at Covent Garden. Knowles has been at Manchester during the last fortnight, but George Bennett has taken the part of *Master Walter*—and a great deal he makes of it. Kemble continues to play Sir Thomas Clifford; and, despite my personal contempt for the man, I must admit that he plays it very finely. Miss Taylor has given up the part of *Helen*; but Miss Wyndham has taken it, and plays it finely. Helen Faucit's success is now established.

Covent Garden must be paying now—the average receipts are from £350 to £400 a-night; and the nightly expences not more than £150.

"Henriquez," one of the dramas recently published by Joanna Baillie, is in preparation at Covent Garden—Miss Faucit to play *Leonora*.

"Venice Preserved" is to be performed next week. I believe Charles Kemble will take the part of *Jaffier*—which John Kemble liked very much, ranking it next to Hamlet. Miss Faucit will appear as *Belvidera*.

Osbaldiston is also bringing out a new opera, for which Miss Romer is engaged.

On dit, that Charles Kean is to appear at Covent Garden, "for a limited number of nights." This is just as it should be; because little Charley has but "a limited number" of *characters*.

Knowles is said to have a new play ready; but declines bringing it out, unless Miss Elphinstone, his "pupil," is allowed to appear as the heroine.

You may remember Charles Mathews' capital story, "The Scotswoman:" it was told to him by James Ballantyne, the printer, and personal friend of Scott. He afterwards introduced the mimic to the old lady, who scolded him for taking off her peculiarities.

A burlesque—very poor—on *the Bronze Horse*, has been brought out at Braham's theatre. The scenery is good, but the affair itself a vile failure. It is called *the Brown Horse*.

The New Strand Theatre opened on Monday. It was built for Mrs. Waylett. A Miss Rees made a successful *début* in a new musical piece, with a Spanish plot, called "If the Cap fits ye, Wear it!" "Cupid" was also brought out, but it is nothing without John Reeve. The first piece was a burletta, called "The Compliments of the Season."

I cannot see Luke Somerton to-night. All I can say is, that the piece (written by George Soane) has made a decided hit. O. Smith, Webster, Mrs. Stirling, Miss Daly, Mr. Hemmins, and W. Bennett, have the leading parts. In the last scene, there are horses in a procession. The scene is chiefly in the Isle of Man; but, at the end, moves to Whitehaven, where *Queen Anne* (Miss Daly) does the grand!

Wm. A. Kerr is dramatizing the novel "Sigismund Augustus."

Mademoiselle Jenny Vertpre is about having French performances in London. Her husband, M. Carinouche, will be manager. Yours, &c.

Mr. REEVE is the star now in the ascendent at the Park Theatre. We were there on Tuesday evening, and, for a wonder, sat out the whole performance. And this is the conclusion we arrived at, our present opinion having required three engagements before it was thus decidedly formed.

Mr. Reeve, *in his line*, is the best actor in America (or in the world, so far as we know); and *his line* is by no means so low or so limited as some newspapers and magazines would have it. Very erroneous impressions are prevalent of Mr. Reeve's acting, which alarm the ladies, and keep them from the theatre on his nights. Now, we do assure them, that if they fear that their delicacy may be in any way wounded by his style of acting, or by the characters themselves which he sustains, their fears are unfounded. Never was there seen a more chaste and simple style—more natural, or more true; and as for his parts, so far as we can recal them, though many of them are portraits of those low in life, yet none of them are in any respect offensive or indelicate.

And then what a world of humor the man has! Let him but have the house with him—let it sympathize with his fun and frolic, and from the beginning to the end of even a poor farce, he will convulse you with laughter. So nice is his conception of character, and so keen his sense of the ludicrous, that he redeems the dullness of the dullest play; and into this class, unfortunately, do most of his line of parts come. Then his manner is the farthest removed from buffoonery: we cannot conceive the grounds upon which it was ever thought to be marked by it. We repeat, that his style is perfectly simple and natural, and true to life; and unless this be buffoonery, Jack Reeve is guiltless of it.

We either did Reeve injustice when he first came out, in not saying what we now say of him, or else he did not then do himself justice. We think the latter (*for our conscience's sake*), and take great pleasure now in commending him heartily and warmly. He is the most witty and most amusing of actors; and our head still aches from the excess of laughter he excited, by his very capital playing on Tuesday night. Pray let there be no backing out when his benefit comes on; and above all, gentle ladies, be not scared away from such a source of amusement, by most unjust and unfounded impressions of Mr. Reeve's manner.

Miss WATSON'S Benefit, on Wednesday evening, was a bumper in every way. It was the fullest house of the season. The best seat we could get was in the Shakspeare (fourth tier), and crowded there. Mrs. Watson never sang more divinely: she is second to no singer we ever had at the Park, save Mrs. Wood. There is an exquisite finish about her style, and she has a voice of great capabilities, peculiarly melodious. A very cruel cold, we regret to say, prevented the fair *beneficiary* from doing herself any kind of justice: but the audience, of course, understood this, and were satisfied.

John Reeve was the great attraction of the evening. His *Pedrigo Potts* in *John of Paris* was excessively funny, and he gave his famous medley of *Mighty Love*, &c., in his very best manner. It was instantaneously and rapturously *encored*. And then what shall we say of his dancing? There John surpassed himself: so light, so active, and so graceful, sure never was mortal before, who weighed some fifteen stone.

We have said a few words of Reeve in another place, and are right glad he has had an opportunity of displaying his fine points to the most crowded and fashionable audience of the season. Henceforth, the career of this most funny and quick-witted gentleman in our country, should be a series of triumphs. Never man deserved it better.

THE JEWESS is underlined for Monday night at both the Park and Bowery. The pieces are the same, "with a difference;" that at the Park being the original drama produced at Drury Lane, by *Planché*, in blank verse, while *Moncrieff's* minor piece obtains at the Bowery. The manager of the Park has expended an immense sum on the dresses, decorations, etc. which are "bran new." We are anticipating a great treat.

BARRY has engaged Mrs. PRITCHARD for the Tremont, where she appears during the present month. She is now in town engaged upon novelties for a fresh campaign.

BOOTH has just concluded an engagement in Washington. "Honest JACK BARNES" and family are in Charleston, where Miss Charlotte was the reigning toast during the race week. EMMA WHEATLEY and ABBOTT are at the Arch street, Philadelphia. WALLACK has just left the Walnut street house, and is succeeded by "*The Jewess*." The WOODS closed on Friday week last, and have gone to the Tremont, Boston. The Philadelphians were in raptures with them, and among a dozen wreaths thrown at Mrs. W's. feet on the night of her benefit, was one from "Fanny Dearest," herself.

Miss RUSSELL, the manager's charming daughter, is carrying everything before her in opera, at New Orleans. RUSSELL advertises for forty musicians for the orchestras of his different theatres—a grand chance for unemployed drawers of the tail of the horse across the bowels of the cat. FORBES has left Caldwell and gone to Mobile, where HILL, the Yankee Momus, is starring with success.—LATHAM is the new stage-manager at Caldwell's. CELESTE closed her engagement on the 1st of Feb. and Mrs. GIBBS on the 21st. Celeste come immediately north, while Mrs. Gibbs "stars" her way to New-York. Caldwell's Italian company opened on the 1st March with the following *troupe*:—Signoras Adelaide Pedrotti, Prima Donna, Lorenza Marozzi, Other Prima Donna, Enrichetta Salvioni, and Luigia Thiellemann, 2d Prima Donnas:—Signors G. R. Montressor, First Tenor; Luigi Ravaglia, Comic do.; Francesco Sapignoli, Second Tenor; Antonio de Rossa, First Central of Bass: Tomaso Madetti, Second Bass: S. Theillman, Other Second Bass; Cleofe Marozzi, Prompter.

The TIBBNANS are on their way north, but will "star it" at Natchez, Louisville, Cincinnati, and Pittsburgh. COOPER and his daughter, and Miss PHILLIPS, are now "the great creatures" at the St. Charles theatre, while Mrs. KNIGHT and *Jim Crow* RICE have just arrived at the American. NORTON and WALTON are starring at Natchez with PARSONS.

MURDER OF AN ACTRESS AT NAPLES.—The *Osservatore Tricsitno* contains the following account of an extraordinary murder in the theatre at Naples, during the performance of an opera:—"A rivalry existed for some months between Mademoiselle Gambrici and Mademoiselle Marina, two singers, engaged at the Theatre Valle. Madamoiselle Marina appeared to attract the most attention for several days, and was received with great applause whenever she presented herself, and crowns of flowers were showered down on her. Some parties, with a malicious feeling, waited on her rival to condole with her on the superior success of Marina, saying she must feel mortified by it. Gambrici answered, that so far from being chagrined, she acknowledged the other lady sang beautifully, and would herself throw her a crown that evening. She kept her word. The loudest cheers greeted her rival on her appearance on the stage, and, as usual, at the end of the first act, flowers and garlands were thrown by the audience. Suddenly, from one of the upper tier of boxes, a crown fell on the head of the favorite actress. She uttered a cry, and fell dead on the spot. The crown was of massive bronze. Mademoiselle Gambrici is in the hands of justice.

Bell's Life, Jan. 10.

Sheridan Knowles, on his first appearance at Covent Garden, was called out by the audience, and made one of his usual brief and pertinent speeches:—

"Ladies and gentlemen—If I am proud of again appearing on these boards, I am still more so in consequence of the manner in which you have received me. I thank you from the bottom of my heart, and wish that I deserved better what you have bestowed so bountifully."

During the performance of the play of William Tell, in that scene where he was to shoot the apple from his boy's head, the bow being too weak, he drew the arrow beyond the bend, and instead, therefore, of firing from the string, it fell at his feet. He picked it up, looked at the end of it, and inventing a couple of blank verse lines for the occasion, said:—

"Poor frail, unwilling wood! The notch is gone—
I pray you, let me have another arrow!"

The audience was generally aware of the extemporaneous insertion, and testified its approbation of the self-possession and readiness of the poet-actor.

[Albany Daily Adv.

Of the *original* representatives of the characters in Sheridan's *chief-d'oeuvre*, the *School for Scandal*, and of his very witty burlesque, *The Critic*, but two survive. In the former, the widow of the late John Philip Kemble, then Miss Hopkins, first played *Maria*; and in the latter the part of *Don Ferolo Whiskerandos* was originally sustained by Mr. Bannister, jun. (familiarly called Jack Bannister), who, save some occasional visitations of his old enemy the gout, cheerfully enjoys, in his 79th year, a green old age, and, to the small gratification of his friends, "fights his battles o'er again," with surprising vivacity and vigor.

SUBMARINE PEDESTRIANISM.—This is certainly the "patent age of new inventions." Ballooning is a mere bubble, like those which children blow, compared with what recent times have produced. The last new project of the prodigious kind is—not walking *on* the water, but under it—perambulating the bottom of the sea—travelling by *land* from England to America, exploring the Mediterranean *on foot!* This is a novelty, it must be owned. We owe the idea of it—the thing has not yet been actually done, though nothing now remains but simply to do it—to a wonderful diver of Naples, named Lorenzo Giordano, a native of Fiumary, in Calabria. He is able to remain six hours under the water, in the deepest places, and to walk at the bottom at the rate of a mile an hour. He has requested permission to be privileged for two years, and to have a third of all he may find in his marine peregrinations. Well, we shall see—or, rather, we shall not; for his perambulations will be performed out of sight, and we must therefore take his word about the walking. His stipulation, that he is to have no more than a third of what he may meet with, is sensible enough: a third of the bite of a shark ought to be quite sufficient to gratify an ordinary ambition.

London Court Journal, Jan. 16.

EPISCOPAL CANIBALISM.—"Dr. Blake," says a country journal, quoting from an Irish paper, "Dr. Blake, the Roman Catholic Bishop, breakfasts on a hundred poor children at Newry every morning!" Horrible wretch! said we, as we turned to our Irish file for confirmation of the statement. But it turned out that "*on a* hundred" was a misprint for "*one* hundred." Confound these printers! What a glorious quantity of indignation have we thrown away on an *erratum!*

MR. POWER'S "IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA."

EXTRACTS FROM SECOND VOLUME.

Baltimore Hack Drivers.—About four o'clock, P. M. we approached the wharf, amidst the usual cries of "coach!" "want a coach, your honour?" given in accents always welcome to my ears, for they remind me of home.

I am here tempted to recall a little personal anecdote, which is illustrative of the character of this class of my countrymen, and proves that the ready address for which they are so famous at home does not desert them on this side the water.

During the first visit I paid this city, I had, of course, made particular acquaintance with one or two Jarveys; for I lived a long way from my work, and their attention was serviceable. On my next arrival at the harbour, it was late: we had encountered a snow storm, and I, being wet and wretched enough, was anxious to get to the hotel, having to play that night. I was on the look-out as we touched the wharf, and, with great delight, heard a voice most melodiously bawl out,

"O! blut' an' oons, boys, if here isn't Mr. Power!"

The planks were shoved over, and, at the same moment, half a dozen voices greeted me with the accustomed

"Here's a coach, Mr. Power!"

"Och! sure your honour 'll go wid *me* this turn, for luck!"

"You're welcome, Mr. P——: long life to yez! it's I've the coach 'll whip you up to ould Barnums', snug and dry, in no time!"

In the midst of this din, whilst I was yet on the plank, I perceived a tall raw-boned Tipperary lad, who had evidently decided on appropriating me, making his way most unceremoniously through the crowd, shouting out in a tone that drowned all competitors,

"Och! thin', will yez stop yer bawling, and don't bother Mr. Power when his *own* carriage has bin waiting for him these two hours."

An appeal like this was not to be resisted: I therefore accompanied my friend to my *own* carriage; and whatever doubts I might entertain as to this part of my friend's statement, the fact of its having been in waiting for "these two hours" I could readily credit; for I found it half full of snow. I observed upon its condition, saying that, as I was expected, *my* carriage might have been better looked after.

"Wasn't I below looking afther ye're honour, and that's the way the snow got in without my seein' it: indeed we're not a dale used to snows here away; but I'll have it out and turn the cushions, and powdher you up to the hotel in a minute."

American Theatre, *New Orleans*.—On Monday, the 5th, I attended rehearsal at the American Theatre, and was pleased to find it a large, well-proportioned house, with three rows of boxes, a pit, or *parquette*, as it is termed, subdivided as in the French Theatre: each seat is numbered, and, being taken at the box-office, is secured to the purchaser for any part of the evening. The company was a very tolerable one; and in the person of a nephew of Mr. W. Farren's, I found an adjunct of much importance to me—an excellent old man.

My next anxiety was about my audience, not its numbers, as I was assured every seat in the house was disposed of, and this as far as could be allowed, for every night I might perform; but I felt solicitous with respect to its character and composition, of which I had received very discouraging reports. I kept however my apprehensions to myself, resolved to do my best after my own fashion, and abide the result as I best might.

On Tuesday I made my *début*; and never was man more agreeably surprised than myself when, after making my bow, I for the first time took a rapid survey of the aspect of the house: the *parquette* and dress-boxes were almost exclusively filled by ladies, *coiffées* with the taste which distinguishes Frenchwomen in every country, which becomes peculiarly striking here, where are to be seen the finest heads of dark hair in the world; many wore bonnets of the latest Parisian fashion, and all were more dressed than it is usual to be at theatres in America. This attention to costume on the part of the ladies, added to their occupying the pit, obliges the gentlemen to adopt a correspondent neatness; and hence it occurs that, when the New Orleans theatre is attended by the belles of the city, it presents decidedly the most elegant-looking auditory of this country. For myself, I found them in manner equal to their appearance; a greater degree of repose and gentility of demeanour I never remember to have noticed in any mixed assembly of any place.

Deference to the Ladies.—Certainly in no country is there such universal and exclusive homage extended to the softer sex: no matter at what expense of his convenience, or circumscription of privilege, man must give way on all occasions where the ladies may have a caprice to indulge in, or any curiosity to gratify.

Theatre, *Natchez*.—The weather a little milder: took a gallop into the country; dined early, and about six walked out of town to the theatre, preparatory to my making my bow. The way was without a single passenger, and not a creature lingered about the outer doors of the house: the interior I found in the possession of a single lamplighter who was leisurely setting about his duties; of him I inquired the hour of beginning, and learnt that it was usual to commence about seven or eight o'clock—a tolerable latitude; time was thus afforded me for a ramble, and out I sallied, taking the direction leading from the town. I had not proceeded far when I met several men riding together; a little farther on, another group, with a few ladies in company, passed leisurely by, all capitally mounted: others, I perceived, were fast approaching from the same direction. It now occurred to me that these were the persons destined to form the country quota of my auditory: upon looking back, my impression was confirmed by seeing them all halting in front of the rural theatre, and fastening their horses to the neighbouring rails and trees.

I now hastened back to take a survey of the scene, and a very curious one it was: a number of carriages were by this time arriving from the town, together with long lines of pedestrians; the centre of the wide road was however prominently occupied by the horsemen; some, dismounted, abided here the coming of their friends, or exchanged greetings with such of these as had arrived but were yet in their stirrups, and a finer set of men I have rarely looked upon; the general effect of their costume, too, was picturesque and border-like: they were mostly clad in a sort of tunic or frock, made of white or of grass-green blanketing, the broad dark-blue selvage serving as a binding, the coat being furnished with collar, shoulder-pieces, and cuffs of the same colour, and having a broad belt, either of leather or of the like selvage; broad-leafed white Spanish hats of beaver were evidently the *mode*, together with high leather leggings, or cavalry boots and heavy spurs. The appointments of the horses were in perfect keeping with those of these cavaliers; they bore *demi-pique* saddles, with small massive brass or plated stirrups, generally shabracs of bear or deer-skin, and in many instances had saddle-cloths of scarlet or light blue, bound with broad gold or silver lace.

The whole party having come up, and their horses being hitched in front of the building to their satisfaction, they walked leisurely into the theatre, the men occupying the pit: whilst in the boxes were several groups of pretty and well-dressed women. The demeanour of these border gallants was as orderly as could be desired; and their enjoyment, if one might judge from the heartiness of their laughter, exceeding.

After the performance there was a general muster to horse; and away they rode, in groups of from ten to twenty, as their way might lie together. These were the planters of the neighbouring country, many of whom came nightly to visit the theatre, and this from very considerable distances; forming such an audience as cannot be seen elsewhere in this hackney-coach age; indeed, to look on so many fine horses, with their antique caparisons, piquetted about the theatre, recalled the palmy days of the Globe and Bear-garden.

Col. Bingaman's Stable, &c.—In the afternoon visited the plantation of Colonel B——n, where I saw three or four very likely racers at exercise; amongst others, a horse called Hardheart, whose time for a mile, they declare here, has never been matched. The passion for the turf is, I find, yet stronger here, if that be possible, than in the North. One or two persons are this very year going to Europe for the sole purpose of importing horses of high reputation: a larger sort of brood-mare would, I think, be of more service to them.

Pelham.—After dinner rode out to the race-course, and saw Pelham, who is in training to run a mile with Hardheart. Pelham is a handsome little chesnut, with a perfectly thorough-bred air, and gallops like a witch.

Chapman's Ark Theatre.—Opposite Prophet's Island saw a large square ark, moored to the bank, surmounted by a pole from which a white flag was fluttering. I was in great hopes this was the Mississippi theatre, which I knew from report to be somewhere in this latitude on its annual voyage to New Orleans; but it turned out to be the store of a Yankee pedlar on a trading voyage.

This floating theatre, about which I make constant inquiry, and which I yet hope to fall in with, is not the least original or singular speculation ventured on these waters. It was projected and is carried on by the Elder Chapman, well known for many years as a Covent Garden actor: his practice is to have a building suitable to his views erected upon a raft at some point high up the Mississippi, or on one of its tributaries, whence he takes his departure early in the fall, with scenery, dresses, and decorations, all prepared for representation. At each village or large plantation he hoists banner and blows trumpet, and few who love a play suffer his ark to pass the door, since they know it is to return no more until the next year; for, however easy may prove the downward course of the drama's temple, to retrograde, upwards, is quite beyond its power. Sometimes a large steamer from Louisville, with a thousand souls on board, will command a play whilst taking in fuel, when the profit must be famous. The *corps dramatique* is, I believe, principally composed of members of his own family, which is numerous, and, despite of alligators and yellow fever, likely to increase and flourish. When the Mississippi theatre reaches New Orleans, it is abandoned and sold for firewood; the manager and troop returning in a steamer to build a new one, with such improvements as increased experience may have suggested.

This course Mr. Chapman has pursued for three or four seasons back, and, as I am told by many who have encountered this aquatic company, very profitably. I trust he may continue to do so until he makes a fortune, and can bequeath to his kin the undisputed sovereignty of the Mississippi circuit.

Mobile.—This little city was to me one of the most attractive spots I visited south of the Potomac. I came upon it at my first visit after a severe roughing, and found a fine climate and old friends, whose warm welcome could not have come in better time. I found here also the best conducted and best appointed hotel in the Southern country, and society congenial and amiable; all these combined go a good way to prejudice a man in favour of a place which in itself may have little to recommend it. Mobile, however, has claims which are rapidly increasing its population and its trade; indeed the ratio advance in both is equal to that of any other place in the States.

Night-walking in New Orleans.—I had heard in the North much said about the great danger incurred by a night-stroll in New Orleans, and so will the stranger who next follows after me: but do not let these bug-a-boo tales deter him from a walk upon the Levee after ten P. M. It is not amongst these sons of industry, however rude, that he will encounter either insult or danger: I have traversed it often on foot and on horseback, and never met with the first, or had the slightest cause to apprehend the latter.

Farewell Benefit at the Park.—On Friday, May 28th, I acted for the last time in the States, and so ended at the Park, where I began, and as I began, to a crowded audience. But the merry faces assembled here were no longer unknown to me; I was on my *debût*, a stranger amongst strangers; I now felt myself surrounded by personal friends, and by an audience which had frankly welcomed me: which had continued to cherish my efforts by increasing kindness and consideration, and which had now thronged here less perhaps to witness a performance so often repeated, than to take leave of an individual with whom the persons composing it had cultivated a close acquaintanceship, and for whose talent they had encouraged a preference.

I am not of those who look upon the bond linking audience and actor as a mercenary contract, for the hours during which the latter yields his quantum of strength and spirit to the former for so much coin, and there is an end. Were I, unhappily, possessed by such a morbid feeling, I could no longer act, the spell would be broken. It is true, I might constrain bone and sinew to administer to my necessities, and continue to barter these with the public for bread; but the inspiring spirit would be away, sunk past recall. Severed from the sympathies of those it wrought for, it would cease to lighten upon the scene, which the power of enlisting those sympathies alone redeems from contempt.

But it is not so, as every well-constituted mind will avouch. Preference, and a constant expression of favour from his auditory, necessarily beget a kind feeling in return: the actor is aware also that he is not always in a condition to fulfil his part of the bond; illness, low spirits, crosses, losses, or any of "the thousand ills that flesh is heir to," rob the mind of its elasticity, and the body of its power; yet rarely does the disappointed auditor turn on the favourite and act the clamorous creditor.

Even in very extreme cases, what a spirit of forbearance have we seen exhibited, what positive sympathy have we felt extended in our own time to cherished players! It is at such moments that, more exposed, as he is, to immediate censure, and more helpless than any other of the servants of the public, he also feels himself more especially, more kindly considered, and, if possessed of a kindly heart, cannot fail to be touched by the feeling.

After illness or prolonged absence too, it is in the electric burst of welcome, the enthusiastically prolonged cheer of gratulation, and in the genuine pleasure sparkling from hundreds of uplifted ardent eyes, that the man who devotes himself to win the player's meed receives his brief, his shadowy it may be, but his inspiring triumph, accompanied by the assurance that he is closely linked with the kindest feelings of those who for the scene are subject to his thrall.

And when at length the hour of farewell comes, it is in the anxious pause, the breathless attention, yet more impressive than all other species of homage, that "the poor player," about to be "heard no more," reads the assurance that on the many young fresh hearts now subject to his art he has indelibly engraven his name, often to be pleasantly recalled in after hours, perhaps of pain and worldly care.

Conclusion. "*General Impression of the American People.*"—After much and close observation, I say fearlessly, that, in all conventional points, good society in the States is equal to the best provincial circles in England.

The great mass of Americans are natural, therefore rarely vulgar; and if a freshness of spirits and an entire freedom from suspicion, together with the many guards which ill-bred jealousy draws around the objects of its care, may be viewed, as indeed it ought to be, as a proof of high feeling and true culture, then are the men of America arrived at a point of civilization at once creditable to themselves and honourable to their women, as nothing can be more perfectly unrestrained than the freedom enjoyed in all good families here. Strangers once introduced find every house at all times open to them, and the most frequent visits neither create surprise nor give rise to suspicion. Hospitality is inculcated and practised, and the people entertain with a liberality bordering on profuseness: the merit of this is enhanced by the great trouble the absence of good domestics entails on the mistress of even the best establishments. Ladies are here invariably their own housekeepers, yet, nowhere is the stranger more warmly welcomed, and in no country is more cheerful readiness evinced in preparing for his entertainment.

The hand of welcome is also extended and sympathy encouraged towards the persecuted, whether of fortune or of despotism. The exile is sure to find shelter and security here, without encountering suspicion, whether necessity or choice induced him to abandon his country.

Honoured be the land which offers to the stranger a free participation, on equal terms, of all it holds dearest! Hallowed be the institutions which hold out to talent a free field, and where honest ambition knows no limit save the equal law!

THE MARRIAGE, THE ELOPEMENT, AND THE DUEL.

A RECENT ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

Characters, Several persons of distinction—*Scene*, The Court of Bavaria, first; then, Berlin.

TIME—THE OTHER DAY.

Scene I.—*Enter* ——. But no, to attempt a transcript of the dramatic romance of real life as it actually happened—to introduce the characters upon the stage, at full length, in their habits as they live—would only be to clothe our facts in the garb of fiction, and give a still wilder air to our wild realities. As we have nothing but truth to relate, why present it in a fabulous form? It is better to describe, and so we begin at once in the old way—"the plot is as follows."

Who is there among the gay and noble in England, that does not remember the beautiful heroine of our Bavarian romance? Several years have elapsed, since first she entered the brilliant circle of English beauty and fashion, "brightening that which was so bright;" and some few have passed since, happy alike in station, fortune, personal charms, and gaiety of disposition, she was bestowed, in what she agreed to call "holy" matrimony, upon one whose coronet for some time appeared a far less precious treasure than his consort; and whose name, long identified with the subtleties of the law, seemed doomed to be ever afterwards associated with the fascinations of loveliness. The period at which she sacrificed her place in this eleventh circle of English society, and became neither wife nor widow, is recent enough to be regretted by many and remembered by all. The circumstances that immediately ensued in Paris—the princely affections and flatteries, for which she resigned all that ought to have been her home and happiness—the princely inattention, suspicion, alienation, that followed, and rendered Paris something rather short of a Paradise—these for the present must be passed over. We may take a trip to Paris another day.

Skipping, then, not only a second, but a third separation, which occurred at the same period, let us endeavor to follow the lovely Inconstant, the Ignis-fatuus of beauty, in her flight to Bavaria. She has just alighted, very near the Court; she has caught the smile, and receives the salutation of an illustrious personage. Now is the moment, to get a glimpse of that face, just as it is lit up with a sweet flush of pleasure, immediately succeeded by a prouder one of triumph; and looking so lovely, as to make one wonder how any body could refuse to see it at Court. It is quite evident, at least, that one royal voice out of the two is ready to decide upon its admission into the regal circle.

If the face be indeed an index to the character, there stands the purest creature that ever shed lustre upon life, or tinctured the dark cold shadows of earth with the rosy hues of heaven. It is not that the Lady Ellen is beautiful in the ordinary sense of the word: it is the particular style, the singular expression of her face, that attract and charm us. She is the very personification of guilelessness—she is Purity herself: that is the very aspect which Innocence wore in Eden. If an impure thought ever crossed that mind, it must have been in a dream—its owner could not have been conscious of it. Who would believe one word of a tale not to be denied, or put faith in a story which they knew to be true, while looking into those large blue eyes, that only seem to mirror the heaven, or admiring those golden locks, as soft and beautiful as the sunshine? Every glance melts away a conviction—every tinge of the clear cheek makes an affidavit of guilt blush for its untruth. Such she seems, and her figure by no means destroys the personification. It is short, but pretty: she is rather fat, but not fatter than an angel ought to be. Such seems the Lady Ellen.

Well, there are a divorce and a separation or two to set against all this apparent purity; and innocent as the face is, it is not seen at Court. In vain would the illustrious admirer of it open the door of the sanctuary: a fair hand, imperial and even more powerful than his, opposes the introduction. Ellen can only enter there by the gate of marriage. A few weeks elapse, and lo! she *is* at Court!—introduced, accepted, admired, everywhere—but she is the Lady Ellen no longer. In her, you now see the bride of a Bavarian noble; the happy bride—she really seems as happy as she looks innocent—of one whose whole soul is her's, and who can ensure to her all that the heart knows of joy, or the world of luxury and splendor. Life, then, is to commence anew—the past is to be regarded as a sickly and hideous dream. The present and the future alone are actual. She is restored—reinstated—almost re-born. She is quite young, and has a world before her so rich in fruits, that not a wish that ought to be entertained need for a moment be unfulfilled. She has no occasion to take a fancy to jewels that glitter on the neck of royalty—*they* may be freely rendered back—her own sparkle in all eyes. She is, in fact, the lady-lion. Her *cortège* almost breaks the heart of woman, while it enchants that of man.

What can promise fairer than all this? Her position restored in a distant land, her happiness watched over by one who identifies it with his own, and her countenance a perpetual certificate of purity to all questioners. There was a Helen in the elder times—for poetry is just as true as history—who fell, or rather walked voluntarily, into the snares of a Greek youth, named Paris—a name involving some unfortunate associations for *our* Ellen. That ancient Grecian had a modern representative, or imitator, in Bavaria—one who was gallant as well as young, and handsome up to one degree beyond the irresistible. With such a Greek—in the midst of all her fresh-blown honors and budding virtues—in the bright sunshine of her second career—in the very morning of that new marriage, which was to be to her as the Millenium—did the lady of our romance suddenly disappear! She went out like a star that had attained to its brightest twinkle, and become tired of a fixed sphere. There is no keeping an eccentric planet in its place.

The husband and the lover met immediately—and met with a determination on the part of the former that one party should fall. This happier destiny he chose for himself. Death appeared to him to be his only refuge, as it was his only desire. The duel was, of course, not strictly on the English system. When placed upon the ground, he said, addressing the Greek, "You have destroyed my only chance of happiness—all that I was realizing—all that I hoped for. You have dried up the spring of joy—you have turned life, green and fruitful as it seemed, into a desert. Fire, sir! do not spare my mere life, when you have not spared that which endeared it to me!" His antagonist answered in a generous and gallant spirit; and, of course, insisted that the Bavarian should fire first. Much breath being expended, and no powder, the husband, at length, fired; and the Greek instantly dropped to the ground, bleeding from a mortal wound. To the remonstrances of his adversary, that he should discharge his pistol in turn, the Greek remained deaf; but beckoning him who had been so deeply injured, and was thus so fatally avenged, he implored him, with all the solemnity that dying breath could add to the prayer, to forgive the erring creature whose beauty had led to this catastrophe. The Bavarian, however, was an inexorable husband; and, to all appearance, he returned to his faithless captive—his consort, his heart told him, she had ceased to be—only to take that act of vengeance upon her which had already brought her lover within a hair's breadth of the grave.

Alas! he entirely forgot that blue eyes, fair hair, and a visage the most innocent in the world, produce odd changes in unalterable resolutions. But when the blue eyes are seen streaming with tears, and golden tresses are in disorder, and the face of purity wears an expression of true repentance, how should any man hold out—a husband especially? In short, when the reflection came, that it was impossible she should ever run away with the Greek again, the distracted husband became composed, and the repentant wife found tears to be superfluities. They united again in one sentiment—"It will be our own faults, if we are not happier than ever!" So ends *this* chapter of the romance. Are we to weep or laugh?

To these facts, we shall this week add but one—that the Greek, when the whisper that reached us left Berlin, was not dead, though his recovery was hopeless. We must say, that this hopelessness is rendered necessary, alike by the laws of poetical effect, and by delicate considerations of domestic felicity.

[London Court Journal, Jan. 16.

PADDY AND THE LIVERPOOL STANDARD.

In consequence of the epithet a "low set" having been twice applied to the Irish, in a late number of the *Liverpool Standard*, an Irish correspondent—who seems to be in a thundering passion—has addressed the following letter to the editor. He is not very choice in his terms, nor ceremonious in the application of them; but as the individual to whom his letter is dedicated is a match for any man living in this line, we have not deemed it necessary to qualify Mr. Whack's phraseology. [Edit. Mercury.

To the Hedithur of the Liverpool Standard.

Arrah, bad luck t' yez! and long life to wear it, you consaited baste of a hedithur! I'm tould you've been afther calling my counthrymen a low set, in your blackguard paper, you imp of the divel, you! A low set! If it's low in pocket you mane, may be it's the thruth you're spakin', by way of a novelty jist. Badcess to the inimies of ould Ireland—that made her poor, and keeps us the same! No wondher if Paddy's low in pocket; but if you mane that he's low in spirit, by this and by that, you big blackguard, I'll make you repint of that same, you snakin' ould tief o' the world you!

A low set, och hone! By the powers of Moll Kelly, that bates Banagher, and Banagher bates the divel! A low set! a low set! Why, you ignorant gommach! did you niver know till I'm tellin you now, that the blessed St. Patrick—good luck to him!—that kilt all the varmint in Ireland, was an Irishman? Och! but if the Saint had done that same in England, you would not now be here ballyragin' my counthrymen, you scoof of the earth! May be you niver hard the song—

St. Patrick was a gintleman, and came o' dacent paple.

A low set—you big blackguard! A low set—not half so low as yourself and your sommaghanes! A low set—och, your consait bates the world! I'd make a good bargain, if I'd buy you at my valyation, and sell you at your own! A low set!—you miscrayint! you've the impudence of a highwayman's horse! A low set!—you baste! Did you ever clap your eyes upon Dan O'Connell? There's a man for you! May be Dan's one of the low set? If you say that word, by the powers of Moll Kelly but my alpeen shall thump your thick head to smithereens, you dirty traythur, you! Dan one of the low set! Why, Dan—more grace to his elbow!—stands six feet in his stockings; and if he hadn't an oath in heaven, it's himself that would show you how they break heads at Donnybrook Fair, you slandherous vagabone!

May be I'm one of the low set myself, as I'm an Irishman—and so was my mother before me, God rest her sowl!—but by the piper that played before Moses, if you're afther callin' her one of the low set, I'll give you a batin' that will make you wish yourself at the divel before your time.

I'm tould your name's Alexanthur; but by the powers of Moll Kelly, if you was bigger nor Alexanthur the Grate, the Emperor of the Haythen Romans, I'll brake your head into three halves, if you repate your slandher: so keep your tongue in your jaw, and your toe in your pump, and it'll be all the betther for you.

I'm tould you're a Scotchman; an' is it for the likes of you to be callin' the Irish a low set, you thraitor, when it was the blessed St. Patrick himself that peopled all Scotland wid his own hand, you ungrateful Judas!

I'm tould you've a mighty convaynient back door or intrance out of your hedithur's room, in case of a *scrimage*; but if you don't keep a dacent tung in your head about my counthrymen, by the Hill o' Howth—an' that's a big oath—I'll be in your Sancthum Sanctorum before my mother's son—and that's myself—is mitch older; an' tare-an-ouns, but I'll show you how they bate a coat in Monaghan, with the man in it, you spiteful divel you! I hope I shan't be afther gettin' in the wrong box, as one of the clargy did t'other day, as I mane to brake ivery head I find on the primises, masther an' man—an' small blame to me for that same, afther the affront you put upon my counthrymen, you libellous ould sarpint, you!

In charity, I'll hope you wuz dhrunk, whin you had the impidence to call my counthrymen a low set. They say you're fond of a dhrop o' the craythur whin you git it on the sly, an' that's the only good I iver hard inny man say of ye. I'm tould you wur as dhrunk as a fiddler at the Newton Consarvatif Dinner; an' they say that, though you're always ballyragin' the Catholics, you Haythen infidel! you'd go to mass ivery day yirself, if holy wather wuz whiskey.

But I ha' done wid ye for the present writin', you slandherous fominthur of contintion an' sthrife. The sale o' my foot an' the back o' my hand t' ye. See if I don't take the consait out o' you, whiniver you come widthin the raich of my

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Noty Bany.—If I'd put my rale name—Paddy Whack—to this letther, you or your masthers might be afther bindin' me over to keep the pace; but I'm not so soft all out as that; so I've only put my fist mark to the same, which I'm tould isn't good in law: and so "bad scran to you," for your thratement of my counthrymen!

Dinner at the Tuileries.—Except the Court Establishment of George IV., I have never before or since beheld one so well organised as this at the Tuileries. There were, indeed, no Court Dignitaries in uniform—there was no Court Martial with his stick; but there was a servant in splendid livery behind every guest. There was a brilliant and magnificent service of plate; a thing which, for absolute want of cleaning, looks as at many German Courts like a mere service of tin. Wine and viands were of the best kind and in great profusion. The attendance was quick and orderly, and altogether in the English stye, which has now become the style in all the best houses in Paris. The King and Queen carved several of the dishes themselves, and joined the conversation with all the animation of real and polite hospitality. [From a new work of Prince Puckler Muskaw.

Drunken Frolics.—G. Frederick Cooke was once invited to dine by a builder or architect of one of the theatres, Elmerton, as I think. He went, and Elverton being at a loss whom to invite, pitched upon Brandon, the box-keeper to meet him. All went on pretty well until midnight, when George Frederick getting very drunk, his host began to get tired of him. George took the hint, and his friend lighted him down stairs into the hall, when Cooke, laying hold of both his ears, shouted, "Have I, George Frederick Cooke, degraded myself by dining with bricklayers, to meet box-keepers?" tripped up his heels, and left him sprawling in darkness.

How to get quit of Bailiffs.—A short time ago, a cottager between Thorne and Doncaster, was visited by two bailiffs, who proceeded to mark his effects; the old man, recollecting that he had some property outside, went out and immediately brought a hive of bees, which he threw into the house, and bid them *mark that*, and shut the door. In a short time, he had the gratification to see his unwelcome guests, take a hasty departure *sans ceremonie*, through the window, covered with bees, in which state they made the best of their way to their respective homes.

THE CHARACTER OF DESDEMONA.

BY THE HON. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

There are critics who cannot bear to see the virtue and delicacy of Shakspeare's Desdemona called in question; who defend her on the ground that Othello is not an Ethiopian, but a Moor; that he is not black, but only tawny; and they protest against the sable mask of Othello upon the stage, and against the pictures of him in which he is always painted black. They say that prejudices have been taken against Desdemona from the slanders of Iago, from the railings of Roderigo, from the disappointed paternal rancor of Brabantio, and from the despondings concessions of Othello himself.

I have said, that since I entered upon the third of Shakspeare's seven ages, the first and chief capacity in which I have read and studied him is as a *teacher of morals;* and that I had scarcely ever seen a player of his parts who regarded him as a *moralist* at all. I further said, that in my judgment no man could understand him who did study him pre-eminently as a teacher of morals. These critics say they do not incline to put Shakspeare on a level with Æsop! Sure enough *they* do not study Shakspeare as a teacher of morals. To *them* therefore Desdemona is a perfect character; and her love for Othello is not unnatural, because he is not a Congo negro, but only a sooty Moor, and has royal blood in his veins.

My objections to the character of Desdemona arise not from what Iago, or Roderigo, or Brabantio, or Othello says of her; but from what she herself *does*. She absconds from her father's house, in the dead of night, to marry a blackamoor. She breaks a father's heart, and covers his noble house with shame, to gratify—what? Pure love, like that of Juliet or Miranda? No! unnatural passion; it cannot be named with delicacy. Her admirers now say this is criticism of 1835; that the color of Othello has nothing to do with the passion of Desdemona. No? Why, if Othello had been white, what need would there have been for her running away with him? She could have made no better match. Her father could have made no reasonable objections to it; and there could have been no tragedy. If the color of Othello is not as vital to the whole tragedy as the age of Juliet is to her character and destiny, then have I read Shakspeare in vain. The father of Desdemona charges Othello with magic arts in obtaining the affections of his daughter. Why, but because her passion for him is *unnatural;* and why is it unnatural but because of his color? In the very first scene, in the dialogue between Roderigo and Iago, before they rouse Brabantio, to inform him of his daughter's elopement, Roderigo contemptuously calls Othello "the thick lips." I cannot in decency quote here; but turn to the book, and see in what language Iago announces to her father his daughter's shameful misconduct. The language of Roderigo is more supportable. *He* is a Venetian gentleman, himself a rejected suitor of Desdemona, and who has been forbidden by her father access to his house. Roused from his repose at the dead of night by the loud cries of these two men, Brabantio spurns, with indignation and scorn, the insulting and beastly language of Iago; and sharply chides Roderigo, whom he supposes to be hovering about his house, in defiance of his prohibitions, and in a state of intoxication. He threatens him with punishment. Roderigo replies:—

> "*Rod.* Sir, I will answer any thing. But I beseech you,
> If't be your pleasure, and most wise consent,
> (As partly, I find, it is,) that your fair daughter,
> At this odd-even and dull watch o' the night,
> Transported—with no worse nor better guard,
> But with a knave of common hire, a gondolier—
> To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor!
> If this be known to you, and your allowance,
> We then have done you bold and saucy wrongs;
> But if you know not this, my manners tell me
> We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe
> That, from the sense of all civility,
> I thus would play and trifle with your reverence:
> Your daughter—if you have not given her leave—
> I say again, hath made a gross revolt;
> Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes
> In an extravagant and wheedling stranger,
> Of here and every where: Straight satisfy yourself:
> If she be in her chamber, or your house,
> Let loose on me the justice of the state
> For thus deluding you."

Struck by this speech as by a clap of thunder, Brabantio calls up his people, remembers a portentous dream, calls for light, goes and searches with his servants, and comes back, saying:—

> "It is too true an evil: gone she is:
> And what's to come of my despised time,
> Is nought but bitterness."

The father's heart is broken; life is no longer of any value to him; he repeats this sentiment time after time whenever he appears in the scene; and in the last scene of the play, where Desdemona lies dead, her uncle Gratiano says:—

> "Poor Desdemona! I am glad thy father's dead;
> Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief
> Shore his old thread in twain."

Indeed! indeed! I must look at Shakspeare in this as in all his pictures of human life—in the capacity of a teacher of morals. I must believe that, in exhibiting a daughter of a Venetian nobleman of the highest rank eloping in the dead of the night to marry a thick-lipped, wool-headed Moor, opening a train of consequences which lead to her own destruction by her husband's hands, and to that of her father by a broken heart, he did not intend to present her as an example of the perfection of female virtue. I must look first at the action, then at the motive, then at the consequences, before I inquire in what light it is received and represented by the other persons of the drama. The first action of Desdemona discards all female delicacy, all filial duty, all sense of ingenuous shame. So I consider it, and so it is considered by her own father. Her offence is not a mere elopement from her father's house for a clandestine marriage. I hope it requires no unreasonable rigor of morality to consider even *that* as suited to raise a prepossession rather unfavorable to the character of a young woman of refined sensibility and elevated education. But an elopement for a clandestine marriage with a blackamoor! That is the measure of my estimation of the character of Desdemona from the beginning; and when I have passed my judgment upon it, and find in the play that from the first moment of her father's knowledge of the act, it made him loathe his life, and that it finally broke his heart, I am then in time to inquire, what was the deadly venom which inflicted immedicable wound; and what is it but the color of Othello?—

> "————————Now, Roderigo,
> Where didst thou see her?—Oh, unhappy girl!—
> *With the Moor, say'st thou?*—Who would be a father?"

These are the disjointed lamentations of the wretched parent when the first disclosure of his daughter's shame is made known to him. This scene is one of the inimitable pictures of human passion in the hands of Shakspeare; and that half line—"With the *Moor*, say'st thou?"—comes from the deepest recesses of the soul.

Again, when Brabantio first meets Othello, he breaks out:—

> "O, thou foul thief, where hast thou stowed my daughter?
> Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her:
> For I'll refer me to all things of sense,
> If she in chains of magic were not bound,
> Whether a maid, so tender, fair, and happy—
> So opposite to marriage that she shunn'd
> The wealthy *curled* darlings of our nation—
> Would ever have to incur our general mock,
> Run from her guardage *to the sooty bosom*
> Of such a thing as thou—to fear, not to delight!"

Several of the English commentators have puzzled themselves with the inquiry why the epithet "curled" is here applied to the wealthy darlings of the nation; and Dr. Johnson thinks it has no reference to the hair; but it evidently has.—The *curled* hair is in antithetic contrast to the sooty bosom, the thick lips, and the woolly head. The contrast of color is the very hinge upon which Brabantio founds his charge of magic, counteracting the impulse of nature.

At the close of the same scene (the second of the first act) Brabantio, hearing that the Duke is in council upon public business of the State, determines to carry Othello before him for trial upon the charge of magic. "Mine," says he,

> "Mine's not a middle course; the Duke himself,
> Or any of my brothers of the state,
> Cannot but feel the wrong, as 'twere their own:
> For if such actions may have passage free,
> Bond slaves and Pagans shall our statesmen be."

And Steevens, in his note on this passage, says:—"He alludes to the common condition of all blacks who come from their own country, both *slaves* and *pagans;* and uses the word in contempt of Othello and his complexion. If this Moor is now suffered to escape with impunity, it will be such an encouragement to his black countrymen, that we may expect to see all the first offices of our state filled up by the pagans and bond-slaves of Africa." Othello himself, in his narrative, says that he had been taken by the insolent foe, and sold into slavery. He *had been* a slave.

Once more. When Desdemona pleads to the Duke and the council for permission to go with Othello to Cyprus, she says:—

> "That I did love the Moor, to live with him,
> My downright violence and storm of fortune
> May trumpet to the world; *my heart's subdued,*
> *Even to the very quality of my lord;*
> I saw Othello's visage in his mind;
> And to his honors and his valiant parts
> Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate."

In commenting upon this passage, William Henley says:—"That *quality* here signifies the Moorish *complexion* of Othello, and not his military profession, (as Malone had supposed,) is obvious from what immediately follows: 'I saw Othello's visage in his mind;' and also from what the Duke says to Brabantio:—

> "If virtue no delighted beauty lack
> Your son-in-law is far more fair than black."

The characters of Othello and Iago in this play are evidently intended as contrasted pictures of human nature, each setting off the other. They are national portraits of man—the ITALIAN and the MOOR. The Italian is *white, crafty,* and *cruel*—a consummate villain; yet, as too often happens in the realities of that description whom we occasionally meet in the intercourse of life, so vain of his own artifices that he betrays himself by boasting of them and their success. Accordingly, in the very first scene he reveals to Roderigo the treachery of his own character:—

> "For when my outward action doth demonstrate
> The native act and figure of my heart,
> In compliment extern, 'tis not long after
> But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
> For daws to peck at: I am not what I am."

There is a seeming inconsistency in the fact, that a double-dealer should disclose his own secret, which must necessarily put others on their guard against him; but the inconsistency is in human nature, and not in the poet.

The double-dealing Italian is a very intelligent man, a keen and penetrating observer, and full of ingenuity to devise and contrive base expedients. His language is coarse, rude, and obscene: his humor is caustic and bitter. Conscious of no honest principle in himself, he believes not in the existence of honesty in others. He is jealous and suspicious; quick to note every trifle light as air, and to draw from it inferences of evil as confirmed circumstances. In his dealings with the Moor, while he is even harping upon his honesty, he offers to commit any murder from extreme attachment to his person and interests. In all that Iago says of others, and especially of Desdemona, there is a mixture of truth and falsehood blended together, in which the truth itself serves to accredit the lie; and such is the ordinary character of malicious slanders. Dr. Johnson speaks of "the soft simplicity," the "innocence," the "artlessness" of Desdemona. Iago speaks of her as a *supersubtle* Venitian; and when kindling the sparks of jealousy in the soul of Othello, he says:—

> "She did deceive her father, marrying you:
> And when she seemed to shake, and fear your looks,
> She loved them most."

"And so she did," answers Othello. This charge, then, was true; and Iago replies:—

> "————————Why, go to, then;
> She that, so young, could give out such a seeming,
> To seal her father's eyes up, close as oak.—
> He thought 'twas witchcraft."

It was not witchcraft; but surely as little was it simplicity, innocense, artlessness. The effect of this suggestion upon Othello is terrible only because he knows it is true. Brabantio, on parting from him, had just given him the same warning, to which he had not then paid the slightest heed. But soon his suspicions are roused; he tries to repel them; they are fermenting in his brain: he appears vehemently moved, and yet unwilling to acknowledge it. Iago, with fiend-like sagacity, seizes upon the paroxysm of emotion, and then comes the following dialogue:—

> "*Iago.* My lord, I see you are moved.
> *Othello.* No, not much moved:—
> I do not think but Desdemona's honest.
> *Iago.* Long live she so! and long live you to think so!
> *Oth.* And yet, how nature, erring from itself——
> *Iago.* Ay, there's the point: As—to be bold with you—
> Not to affect many proposed matches
> Of her own clime, complexion, and degree;
> Whereto we see in all things nature tends.—
> Foh! one may smell, in such, a will most rank,
> Foul disproportion, thoughts unnatural."

The deadly venom of these imputations, working up to phrenzy the suspicions of the Moor, consist not in their falsehood, but in their truth.

I have said the character of Desdemona was deficient in delicacy. Besides the instances to which I referred in proof of this charge, observe what she says in pleading for the restoration of Cassio to his office, from which he had been cashiered by Othello for beastly drunkenness, and a consequent night-brawl, in which he had stabbed Montano, the predecessor of Othello as Governor of Cypress, and nearly killed him; yet, in urging him to restore Cassio to his office and to favor, Desdemona says:—

> "————————In faith, he's penitent;
> And yet his trespass, in our common reason,
> (Save that, they say, the wars must make examples
> Out of their best,) *is not almost a fault*
> To incur a private check."

Now, to palliate the two crimes of Cassio—his drunken fit and his stabbing of Montano—the reader knows that he has been inveigled to the commission of them by the accursed artifices of Iago; but Desdemona knows nothing of this; she has no excuse for Cassio; nothing to plead for him but his penitence. And is this the character for a woman of delicate sentiment to give of such a complicated and heinous offence as that of which Cassio had been guilty, even when pleading for his pardon? No! it is not for female delicacy to extenuate the crimes of drunkenness and bloodshed, even when performing the appropriate office of raising the soul-subduing voice for mercy.

Afterwards, in the same speech, she says:—

> "————————What! Michael Cassio,
> That came a-wooing with you; and many a time,
> When I have spoken of you dispraisingly,
> Hath ta'en your part; to have so much to do
> To bring *him* in!"

I will not inquire how far this avowal that she had been in the frequent habit of speaking dispraisingly of Othello at the very time when she was so deeply enamoured of his honors and his valiant parts, was consistent with sincerity.—Young ladies must be allowed a little concealment and a little disguise, even for passions of which they have no reason to be ashamed. It is the rosy pudency—the irresistible charm of the sex; but the exercise of it in satirical censure upon the very object of their most ardent affections is certainly no indication of innocence, simplicity, or artlessness.

I still retain, then, the opinion—

First, That the passion of Desdemona for Othello is *unnatural*, solely and exclusively because of his color.

Second, That her elopement *to* him, and secret marriage *with* him, indicate a personal character not only very deficient in delicacy, but totally regardless of filial duty, of female modesty, and of ingenuous shame.

Third, That her deficiency in delicacy is discernible in her conduct and discourse throughout the play.

I perceive and acknowledge, indeed, the admirable address with which the part has been contrived to inspire and to warm the breast of the spectator with a deep interest in her fate; and I am well aware that my own comparative insensibility to it is not in unison with the general impression which it produces upon the stage. I shrink from the thought of slandering even a creature of the imagination. When the spectator or reader follows, on the stage or in the closet, the infernal thread of duplicity and of execrable devices with which Iago entangles his victims, it is the purpose of the dramatist to merge all the faults and vices of the sufferers in the overwhelming flood of their calamities, and in the unmingled detestation of the inhuman devil, their betrayer and destroyer. And in all this I see not only the skill of the artist, but the power of the moral operator, the purifier of the spectator's heart by the agency of *terror* and *pity*.

The characters of Othello and Desdemona, like all the characters of men and women in real life, are of "mingled yarn," with qualities of good and bad—of virtues and vices in proportion, differently composed. Iago, with a high order of intellect, is, in moral principle, the very spirit of evil. I have said the moral of the tragedy is, that the intermarriage of black and white blood is a violation of the law of nature. *That* is the lesson to be learned from the play. To exhibit all the natural consequences of their act, the poet is compelled to make the marriage secret. It must commence by an elopement, and by an outrage upon the decorum of social intercourse. He must therefore assume, for the performance of this act, persons of moral character sufficiently frail and imperfect to be capable of performing it, but in other respects endowed with pleasing and estimable qualities. Thus, the Moor is represented as of a free, and open, and generous nature; as a Christian; as a distinguished military commander in the service of the republic of Venice; as having rendered important service to the state, and as being in the enjoyment of a splendid reputation as a warrior. The other party to the marriage is a maiden, fair, gentle, and accomplished; born and educated in the proudest rank of Venitian nobility.

Othello, setting aside his color, has every quality to fascinate and charm the female heart. Desdemona, apart from the grossness of her fault in being accessible to such a passion for such an object, is amiable and lovely; among the most attractive of her sex and condition. The faults of their characters are never brought into action, excepting as they illustrate the moral principle of the whole story. Othello is not jealous by nature. On the contrary, with a strong natural understanding, and all the vigilance essential to an experienced commander, he is of a disposition so unsuspicious and confiding, that he believes in the *exceeding honesty* of Iago long after he has ample cause to suspect and distrust him. Desdemona, *supersubtle* as she is in the management of her amour with Othello; deeply as she dissembles to deceive her father; and forward as she is in inviting the courtship of the Moor; discovers neither artifice nor duplicity from the moment that she is Othello's wife. Her innocence, in all her relations with him, is pure and spotless; her kindness for Cassio is mere untainted benevolence; and, though unguarded in her personal deportment towards him, it is far from the slightest soil of culpable impropriety. Guiltless of all conscious reproach in this part of her conduct, she never uses any of the artifices to which she had resorted to accomplish her marriage with Othello. Always feeling that she has given him no cause of suspicion, her endurance of his cruel treatment and brutal abuse of her through all its stages of violence, till he murders her in bed, is always marked with the most affecting sweetness of temper, the most perfect artlessness, and the most endearing resignation. The defects of her character have here no room for developement, and the poet carefully keeps them out of sight. Hence it is that the general reader and spectator, with Dr. Johnson, give her unqualified credit for soft simplicity, artlessness, and innocence; forgetful of the qualities of a different and opposite character, stamped upon the transactions by which she effected her marriage with the Moor. The marriage, however, is the source of all her calamities; it is the primitive cause of all the tragic incidents of the play, and of its terrible catastrophe. That the moral lesson to be learned from it is of no practical utility in England, where there are no valiant Moors to steal the affections of fair and high-born dames, may be true; the lesson, however, is not the less, couched under the form of an admirable drama; nor needs it any laborious effort of the imagination to extend the moral precept resulting from the story to a salutary admonition against all ill-assorted, clandestine, and unnatural marriages.

[American Monthly Magazine for March.

Odds and Ends.

ANECDOTE OF MISS BIFFIN.—Miss Biffin, before her marriage—for married she is, if alive, and even if dead—was carried to Covent Garden theatre one evening, early before the performance began, by the gentleman to whom she was afterwards united. He having some other engagement, deposited his fair charge in the corner of the back seat in one of the upper front boxes; whereupon, aided by long drapery, such as children in arms wear, and a large shawl, she sat as unmoved as unmoveable, enjoying the play and the farce—not, perhaps, applauding in the ordinary style by clapping, or expressing her impatience at any delay by stamping on the floor. The engagements, however, of her beau, proved longer than the performance at the theatre. The audience retired—the lights were extinguished—and still Miss Biffin remained. The box-keeper ventured to suggest that, as all the company were out, and most of the lights were out too, it was necessary that she should retire. Unwilling to discover her misfortune, and not at all knowing how far she might trust the box-keeper, she expressed great uneasiness that her friend had not arrived as he had promised,

"We can't wait here for your friend, Miss; you really must go," was the only reply she obtained from the obdurate janitor.

At length, Mr. Brandon, the box-keeper and house-keeper, hearing the discussion, came to the spot, and mentioned the absolute necessity of Miss Biffin's departure, hinting something extremely ungallant about a constable.

"Sir," said Miss Biffin, "I would give the world to go out, but I cannot without my friend!"

"You can't have any friend here to-night, Ma'am," said Mr. Brandon, "for the doors are shut."

"What shall I do, sir?" said the lady.

"If you will give me your arm, Ma'am," said Mr. Brandon, "I'll see you safe down to the stage-door, where you can send for a coach."

"Arm, sir!" said the lady: "I wish I could, sir; but I have got no arms."

"Dear me, Ma'am," said the box, book, and housekeeper, "how very odd; However, Ma'am, if you will get upon your legs, I will take every care of you."

"I have not got any legs," said Miss Biffin.

This entirely puzzled Mr. Brandon; and had not Miss B.'s faithful friend arrived just at that moment, *via* the stage-door, it is impossible to tell what might have happened. Her intended settled the affair in a moment, by bundling her up, lifting her from her seat, as Cæsar died, "with decency," and carrying her off upon his shoulder.

[London New Monthly for Jan.

DIET OF CERTAIN ACTORS GENERALLY, AND DURING PERFORMANCE.—Kean took beef-tea for breakfast, and preferred a rump-steak to any other dinner. Macready used to eat the lean of mutton-chops only when he acted, and has now adopted almost exclusively vegetable diet. Braham sustains his energies with bottled porter. Mrs. Wood sings upon good draught ditto. Incledon patronised Madeira. Wrench and Harley act through a long night's performance without any refreshment. Oxberry took large quantities of tea. Henderson gum arabic and sherry. Kean, Emery, and Reeve, cold brandy and water. Lewis would take oysters and mulled wine in the course of his performances; and Gentleman Smith, coffee. All pantomime actors take barley-water; some with the addition of rum, others of sherry. Mrs. Jordan dissolved calf's-foot jelly in warm sherry. The great Miss Cathy used to take linseed-tea, and Madeira afterwards. G. F. Cooke sometimes took all sorts of liquors; at others, abstained wholly during the evening. John Kemble took opium as a sedative, during one part of his career; and many of our heroines have excited their lachrymal propensities by either. The reader will remember, that where a performer acts in play and farce, upwards of six consecutive hours are passed in the theatre, and the absolute necessity of some sustenance, to repair the waste occasioned by loud speaking, &c., will be apparent.

[Records of a Stage Veteran.

THE BEAUTY OF WOMEN.—"Is there not a beauty and a charm in that venerable and venerated woman who sits in the 'majesty of age' beside the fire-side of her son; she who nursed him in his infancy, tended him in youth, counselled him in manhood, and who now dwells as the tutelary goddess of his household. What a host of blessed memories are linked with that mother; what a multitude of sanctifying associations surround her, and make her lovely even on the verge of the grave! Is there not a beauty, a charm in that matronly woman who is looking fondly on the child in her lap? Is there not a holy influence around her, and does not the observer at once pronounce her lovely? What! although the line and lineament of youth are fled, time has given far more than he has taken away. And is there not a beauty, a charm in that fair girl who is kneeling before that matron—her own womanly sympathies just opening into active life, as she folds the playful infant to her bosom? All are beautiful: the opening blossom—the mature flower—and the ripened fruit? and the callous heart and the sensual mind, that gropes for loveliness as a stimulant for passions, only shows that it has no correct sense of beauty."

One of the orderlies of General Tiezel, in the expedition against Mascara, is a non-commissioned officer, a Turk by birth, and a young man of most extraordinary ardour and bravery. Since he has been in the service of France, he has slain on the field of battle 19 Arabs, and has had 5 horses killed under him. He obtained the Cross of the Legion of Honor for his gallant conduct at the unfortunate engagement of La Macta, on the 26th of June. Having lost his horse in the charge in which fell Colonel Oudinot, he gained possession of that of an Arab, whom he slew; on this he managed to throw the corpse of his deceased Colonel and bring it safe to Oram.

[Paris Adv.

FLEAS, AND OTHER MATTERS. The learned editor of the New-York Sun, (says the New Hampshire Gazette,) in descanting upon the astonishing agility of fleas, says:—"Supposing a flea to weigh one grain, which is more than its actual weight, and to jump 1½ yards, a common man, of 150 pounds, with jumping powers in proportion, could jump 12,800 miles, or about the distance from New-York to Cochin China." Now we believe our learned brother is entirely wrong in his sublime calculations:—Let us see—supposing a flea weighs one grain, and can jump 1½ yards, then a pwt. of fleas, at the same rate, will jump 36 yards, an ounce of fleas 720 yards, and a pound of fleas 11,820 yards. So that 150 lbs. of matter, possessed of the same power of *jump-a-li-bil-i-ty*, would leap 1,728,000 yards, which, at the rate of 1760 yards to the mile, is equal to 972 miles nearly, or about the distance from Portsmouth, N. H., to Charleston, South Carolina. That is no fool of a leap, letting alone the Sun's calculation!

A duel took place at Smyrna on the 1st December last between two Midshipmen of the American Squadron, named Barton and Wood, in which the former was hit just below the knee, the effect being a severe fracture. Mr. Barton is the son of Dr. W. P. C. Barton of the Navy, now residing in Philadelphia, and Mr. Wood is the son of Mr. Wood of the Chesnut-street Theatre in that city.—Their seconds were passed midshipmen Ringgold of the Constitution, and M'Donough of the Shark. Barton had been detached from the Constitution and assigned to the Shark, while the vessels were under quarantine: he was received into the proper mess, but not cordially by all, and Wood refused to mess with him, on the ground that a quarrel had existed between them before leaving the United States. This led to a new quarrel, in which his messmates took sides with Wood, and Barton challenged him; the result is stated above.

Some dissatisfaction appears to have been caused among the officers by the severe manner in which the Commodore manifested his disapprobation of the affair.

[Times.

The Methodist's at a recent Meeting in their church in Greene street, have liberally subscribed $13,000 towards the rebuilding of the Book Establishment, a few days since destroyed by fire. The Rev. Dr. Bangs, who among others addressed the meeting, stated the following remarkable incident:—

Among the burning fragments of books and printed sheets which were whirled aloft upon the wings of the flame, and borne onward by those of the wind, was a page of the Bible, containing the xivth chapter of Isaiah. It was picked up on the morning of the conflagration, about twelve miles distant, on Long Island, and before the catastrophe which had carried it thither was known there.—It was indeed a winged messenger of truth, in a double sense, for the fact is no less striking than authentic, that every word of the page was so marred as to be illegible, save the eleventh verse, which read in the words following:—

"Our holy and beautiful house, where our fathers praised thee, is *burned up with fire*: and all our pleasant things *are laid waste*."

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

Office No. 171 Broadway, Corner of Courtlandt-street.

NEW-YORK: SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 5, 1836.

STATISTICS OF THE AMERICAN TURF.

We publish to-day our table of Two Mile Winners. It has cost us a world of labor already, and we are not quite sure that it is yet perfect. Four or five winning horses (hereafter named) we were obliged to omit for want of room, but those will go in some other week.

By the way, we may as well say that we have detected two or three errors in our two former tables. Most of them are typographical *purely*: one is of serious importance, making *Columbia Taylor* win the *three mile day* at Philadelphia. It is surprising how this last error was made, especially as in the same table the real winner, *Sidney*, is correctly given. But a casual reader has no idea of the vexation and trouble attendant upon such a compilation.

For "Patrick," read *Patriot*, winner at Bordentown, N. J.; and for "5:22," the *time* of Charles Kemble's 2d heat at Baltimore, read 5:52.

When we get fairly through the regular tables, we shall publish a supplementary one, giving all those winners necessarily omitted, or accidentally overlooked, in previous numbers; and, at the same time, shall republish those parts of our first tables in which we can find any error. Should the horse of any gentleman be omitted, we shall be pleased to hear from him, with all the particulars of the race. We have omitted, this week,

J. Frost's *Rosebud*, winner at St. Louis, Mo., Oct. 16.
Col. A. L. Bingaman's *Naked Truth*, walked over, at Natchez, Miss., Dec. 4.
Mr. Gibbs' *Timoleon*, winner at Montreal, L. C., Sept. 1.
Mr. Grant's *Walter's Son*, " " Sept. 2.
Mr. Grant's *Rival*, " " Sept. 3.
Mr. Tully's *Orphan Boy*, Port Renwick, N. Y., Sept. 9.

Foreign News.—The arrival of the *Independence*, Capt. Nye, from Liverpool, after a remarkably short passage, brings dates to the 4th of Feb. The Independence is the regular packet of the 24th January, but having been detained, we are put in possession of papers of a later date, which enables us to give the State of the Odds from Bell's Life in London of Jan. 31st.

It will be seen from the letters of our London and Liverpool Correspondents, that reference is made to previous letters, alluding to those forwarded by the *Orpheus*, the Liverpool packet of the 16th January, which arrived here on Thursday last, having been anticipated nearly a week by the Independence. The *Orpheus* cleared for this port on her regular day, but ran on the bar, and was obliged to put back, and afterwards sailed from Liverpool in company with the Independence. We have received by the Orpheus letters from both our foreign Correspondents, together with the January Magazines and files of papers.

LATEST STATE OF THE ODDS.

THE DERBY, JAN. 31.

It would appear, from the avidity with which the odds have been taken about the Brother to Nell Gwynne since our last notice, that the "office" has been given at last; on Monday he was backed at 10 to 1 for about three hundred pounds, and on Thursday for nearly the same amount, at similar odds. Other parties were also anxious to "get on" at this price, but could not succeed. What the price of his companion (Brother to Riddlesworth) is, we cannot state, as for some time past he has been as completely out of the market as if he were dead. The Mummy has advanced on our last quotation, 12 to 1 having been taken on Thursday. The Brother to Maria, the Babel colt, and Taishteer, are a shade worse, owing, no doubt, to the money laid out upon Brother to Nell Gwynne. No change amongst the outsiders.

11 to 2 agst Lord Jersey's lot
10 to 1 —— Bro. to Nell Gwynne (taken freely)
12 to 1 —— The Mummy (taken)
15 to 1 —— Bro. to Maria
15 to 1 —— Babel Colt
20 to 1 —— Taishteer
25 to 1 —— Bro. to Emillana
25 to 1 agst Neva colt (taken)
25 to 1 —— Bro. to St. Giles
30 to 1 —— Whaley
33 to 1 —— Bro. to Beiram (taken)
33 to 1 —— Bro. to Bamfylde (taken)
33 to 1 —— The Captain
33 to 1 —— Weighton (taken)
40 to 1 —— Gladiator (taken)

OAKS AND ST. LEGER.

No betting.

BETTING IN THE COUNTRY—CHESTER TRADE CUP, P. P.

5 to 1 agst Red Rover (taken freely)
8 to 1 —— Usury (taken)
8 to 1 —— Jupiter
12 to 1 —— Barbara Bell
12 to 1 —— Altamount
15 to 1 agst Lady M. Carew (taken)
15 to 1 —— Tanworth
16 to 1 —— Billinge (taken)
29 to 1 —— Stockport (taken)
20 to 1 —— Any other

LIVERPOOL JULY CUP, P. P.

10 to 1 agst Touchstone (taken)
10 to 1 —— General Chasse
15 to 1 agst Queen of Trumps
16 to 1 —— Mundig. [Bell's Life, Jan 31.

SYLLABUS OF THE EDITOR'S CORRESPONDENCE.

The reception which the new series of the Spirit of the Times has met with on all hands, is most gratifying. Contemporaries have greeted it kindly and courteously cheered us on our way, while from our sporting friends we have received the most substantial tokens of approbation and assurances of support.—The following extracts, selected at random, from letters just received, we have great pleasure in laying before our readers, as showing the feeling abroad in relation to our paper and its course.

"Madisonville, Miss., 25th Jan., 1836.

Dear Sir—Instead of presenting an Annual or ring, or such like token of remembrance to a couple of my friends, I have determined on giving them a year's subscription to your paper. You will find enclosed $10 for this purpose. I wish one sent to —— ——— Esq., Natchez, Miss., and the other to ——, Worcester, England. He sends me out "Bell's Life in London," and I see not why its rival—"The Spirit of the Times"—should not reach him."

☞ A good idea, this; to present a friend with a weekly paper instead of a single gift, for he is reminded of the "giver's faith and truth in abscence" just fifty-one times as often. With regard to sending papers abroad, we will remark they give us no trouble, and being regularly deposited in the Ship-letter Office are sure to reach their destination.

"Charlestown, S. C., Jan. 30, 1836.

Dear Sir; —— ———, Esq., formerly of this city, but now of Florida, has has just paid us $5 on account of The Spirit of the Times, new series; but as the Indians have burnt him out of house and home, run away with his negroes, etc., he requests that for the present his subscription may be suspended, as he has now to take to his rifle and the swamps instead of perusing your delightful journal."

☞ The gentleman alluded to, has in part recovered his property, we are glad to say, and by this time, probably, could you look into his parlor, you would see him reading the Spirit of the Times to "a very select, intelligent, and gratified auditory."

"Boston, Mass., Feb. 11, 1836.

Sir—You will please add my name to your list for *Four copies* of your new series."

☞ Yes sir; call, please, and take your receipt.

"Louisville, Ky., 2d Feb., 1836.

Dear Sir—Here's five dollars, which I believe cannot do the State or myself more service than as an appropriation for a year's subscription to the Spirit of the Times."

Columbia, S. C., Feb. 12, 1836.

Dear Sir—Will you do me the favor to forward your paper to the following gentleman, [four], all "good men and true," and apply the inclosed $20 to their credit, commencing with the New Series. * * * * * * * * * intending to visit your city in May next, to witness the races; in the mean time, you have my best wishes for your success in the improvement of that which is already very excellent, and a corresponding improvement in the patronage it may receive."

☞ We are proud to observe, that this letter expressing so much good feeling and interest in our behalf, proceeds from one of the most eminent gentleman of South Carolina, whether his standing in society, his wealth, or his reputation on the turf, is considered.

"Trenton, N. J., 28th Feb., 1836.

Dear Sir—Your new series is really a very creditable affair, and I sincerely wish you such encouragement as your efforts deserve. The *Table of Winning Horses* is worth all the price of subscription."

"Nashville, Tenn., Feb. 15, 1836.

Dear Sir—The following gentlemen are desirous that your new series should be forwarded to them, for which we enclose "the aforesaid," and remain, with best wishes, Yours, &c., ——."

"Mobile, Ala., 17th Feb., 1836.

Corinthian Tom—Every body so wants your new series, that I "guess" you had better send along a small edition here of about seven hundred or so, and the way we shall fork up, will be—nothing to nobody. The —— (a "wicked word") Postmasters keep our papers somewhere on the road. Put it to 'em, right and left. "Let go my hair," Yours to eternal smash."

As yet we have hardly made a beginning of our new series. When our arrangements are fully completed, and our crack nags well broke to harness, perhaps we shall not drive a whole team! We say nothing!

FROM OUR LIVERPOOL CORRESPONDENT.

Liverpool, January 24, 1836.

The betting at Tattersall's, London, on Monday, on the *Derby*, is annexed:—

The betting this afternoon was brisk, and the result of considerable importance; the changes may be gathered from the subjoined quotations. The decline of the Babel colt is no doubt attributed to the rapid advance of the Brother to Maria, who is likely to become and continue a prominent favorite, inasmuch as he is in a crack stable, and has no engagement this side the Derby. Closing prices:—

9 to 1 agst. Brother to Nell Gwynne, by Sultan.
14 to 1 —— Colt, by Zinganee, out of Babel.
14 to 1 —— Mummy, by Memnon, out of Mouche.
15 to 1 —— Brother to Maria, by Whisker.
20 to 1 —— Taishteer, by Whisker or Zinganee (taken.)
22 to 1 —— Brother to Emeliana, by Emelius.
30 to 1 —— Whaley, by Langar, out of Calista.
1000 to 30 —— Brother to Beiram, by Sultan (taken.)
1000 to 30 —— Brother to Bamfylde, by Tramp or Comus (taken.)
35 to 1 —— The Captain, by Zinganee, out of Adeline.
7 to 1 —— Lord Jersey's lot (taken.) [one bet.)
1300 to 100 each agst. Brother to Nell Gwynne and Brother to Maria (taken in

OAKS.

10 to 1 agst. Promise, by Mulatto, out of Prospective (taken.)

ST. LEGER.

2000 to 20 agst. Bedouin, by Major Hancock's Arabian.

Waltham Abbey Steeple Chase.

This affair, which was originally fixed for the 13th, and was (owing to the frost) postponed to Wednesday last, came off in the presence of a vast assemblage of sporting men and fashionable spectators, including several foreigners. As it was given out that neither Laurestina nor Parasol would be entered, others were induced to put horses in, which they subsequently drew on finding they were in the list. The following started:—

Mr. Elmore's g. h. *Grimaldi*, ridden by Captain Beecher.
Mr. Firth's *Laurestina*, ... by Mr. Powell.
Mr. Bett's *Brush*, ... by Sans Souci.
Mr. Smith's *Gnat*, ... by Mr. Chandler.
Mr. Seffert's *Parasol*, ... by Owner.

The horses were all drawn up in a line for starting in a field at the corner of Nazing Common, and on the word "off" being given by Mr. Reynolds, they advanced slowly towards the first fence, as if with the intention of taking it at separate places, but Powell suddenly left the rank and walked through a gateway at the corner, the others followed him in rotation; when they came to the next fence Beecher took it first, followed by Powell, Seffert, Sans Souci, and Chandler. It soon became evident that the Captain and Powell meant outwitting each other if possible, but they were pretty well matched, and each took the lead in turn; Seffert, Sans Souci, and Chandler, taking it easy, and all clearing their fences in good style. Laurestina made one or two mistakes, but Powell having his mare well in hand did not let her go quite down, neither did he fall off. By this time they had reached the line of country ridden last year, and that part of Cobbin Brook where Hare rolled down; but none of them stopped to "water" here, all clearing it as hunters should do. The blind lane, where Mason stuck fast last year in GETTING IN, was where they all stuck fast this year in getting OUT; all five horses and riders being regularly pounded, till a five-barred gate was unhinged and set them all at liberty. It was now a regular second start, and they set to work in real earnest, Parasol whizzing along so fast that Beecher called out to Seffert to hold hard a little, as he had something particular to say to him; but Dan told him he was in a hurry and could not stop, as somebody wanted to see him in the winning field. In taking a leap into the copse Laurestina refused at first. Grimaldi jumped so funny into a dry ditch, that the Captain could not keep his seat for laughing, and after having had a good "horse laugh," he set sail again all alone. Powell at last succeeded in stealing away; Seffert followed close after Beecher, and when they cleared the wood they saw the other three in company, and bent on mischief. They had now been going a racing pace for one mile, and Elmore, who was on the look out for them, observing Powell hang fire to get his mare wind, called out "Laurestina is beat, now look out for Parasol, Captain;" which Seffert hearing, made play, keeping the lead, with plenty of go left in the mare, slackening his pace as he reached

"The grand leap at Cobbin Brook,
Where Captain Beecher a dip in took."

Numbers had assembled here as the most interesting part of the chase, anxiously watching the movements of the different riders as they advanced. Seffert, who was still leading, gathered his mare well up, and knowing that parasols were not meant to be wetted, took a flying leap, and cleared it in beautiful style, amid the cheering of hundreds who witnessed it. There was twenty feet width of water. The Captain, nothing daunted, and not thinking Grimaldi would be such a FOOL as to jump in, had a go at it, and "a precious rum go" it was—right into the middle, but he soon made his lucky escape. Powell found out a place where he put his mare easy in, and got easy out; as did Sans Souci on Brush. Chandler took what he thought the nearest way home, and lost himself by his route; he saved three or four fences, but could not recover the direct line, or he certainly stood a fair chance of winning—Gnat, being a real good horse, and Chandler a beautiful rider across country. After clearing the brook, and getting clean out of the brook, Parasol looked any thing but losing, and Seffert, knowing nothing but riding straight could win, took a nasty one under the bough of a tree, two fields from the winning field, and, throwing his whole weight on the off side, to avoid his head coming in contact, his foot slipped out of the stirrup on which he rested, and down he came, but was up instanter and mounted; and found Powell on Laurestina leading, Beecher on Grimaldi next, Sans Souci on Brush a little to his left and Chandler on Gnat in company. It was now downright severe struggling on all sides, and the jockeyship displayed was the admiration of all who witnessed it. Laurestina led into the winning field, close pressed by Grimaldi, Parasol close behind gaining ground, Gnat next, Sans Souci and Brush after them. It was now evident that the Captain had been nursing his horse for the run in, as he gained ground every stride; Powell exerted himself to the utmost, and helped his mare in the best manner, but to no purpose—Grimaldi winning by three lengths, Laurestina second, Parasol seven lengths behind the winner, Gnat next. All the horses were in the winning field before the Captain reached the winning post.

I mentioned in my last that Mr. Kirby had exchanged his horse Alteruter, and two others, for the celebrated stallion, Lottery, now in the possession of the French Government. This turns out to be incorrect. He offered five thousand dollars for Lottery, which was declined.

The receipts of the Grand Stand, at York Races, has fallen off so much that there will be no "Stand Plate" ran for at the ensuing York Spring meeting.

An Extraordinary run, with the Badsworth Hounds, is the talk of all the sporting world. It is too long for your columns, but I may state a few particulars. The Badsworth Hounds are Yorkshire, and, on Thursday week, went out—met with a fox,—ran him until they started a second,—divided,—met again,—changed foxes,—and lost both. The run lasted *three hundred and forty minutes*, without more than any check of longer duration than six minutes, over a space of country of about 36 miles. Therefore many fences—a rapid stream to cross—part of the country very rocky. The *York Herald* says,

"Amongst the amusements of this extraordinary day, we ought not to omit that afforded by the spirit and perseverance of Master Thornton, a boy ten years of age, son of Dr. Thornton, of Horbury, who, mounted on a part-blood pony, outstripped the whole of the sporting juveniles, and more than once or twice set a bold example to many of the hunters of larger growth. Much merriment was created by the cat-like manner in which his little four-footed companion took the walls and crossed the becks; and to the surprise of all present, he was up with the best of the field at the end of the hunt. The weight of the poney and its rider is found to be only thirty-two stone, the owner having been induced to ascertain the weight in consequence of the performance of Thursday. It was said in the field that the poney could be backed to go forty miles, for £50 or £100 with any pony of the same weight in the country."

The Duke of Wellington has left London for Drayton Manor, the seat of Sir. R. Peel. He goes, partly to arrange the plan of the coming Parliamentary campaign, and partly to have a fly at the birds in the Baronet's preserves. While his grace was at Bolton Park, the Belvoir hounds had a famous run. The Duke rode his old Grey, and was received by the people (hundreds being present) with cheers. A fox was started, and led them a fine chase of about nine miles across the country. The Duke kept up to the last and only got *fire* falls! Lady S. Crest, on the contrary, (the only lady who rode) never got a fall, and was in at the death. She cleared five-bar gates, fences, drains, and swam the river, on horseback, as if she had been a huntsman's daughter, and she kept the brush—as a downy wand!—which she stuck in her hat. Her Ladyship is considered one of the best riders in the country. She can, at a push, saddle and bridle her own steed—aye, and grain him too, if needed.

A new work has come out, called "The Sportsman Annual." It is a handsome imperial quarto volume, with magnificent sporting illustrations;—it is in beautiful binding. The articles are in prose and verse, excellently written, chiefly illustrative of British sports. There is one song, "The Bloodhound," which is worth fifty of the common run of sporting *chansons*.

Chester meeting takes place on the 2d of May.

Reminiscences of Jack Gully.

After the retirement of Pearce, "the Game Chicken," Jack Gully was considered the champion of England. He was originally the keeper of a little public house in Yorkshire. Some one asked him one day if he would fight Pearce, and Gully, being in liquor, acceded, knowing nothing of pugilism at the time. A match was made—he was put in training, and after a dreadful contest, was beaten: Pearce told him, after the fight, that it was a hard push; two years after, Gully was challenged by a Lancashire man, named Gregson; Pearce had this time left the ring, and Gully claimed the championship—the test of holding it being that he should refuse no challenge. Gregson was more than six feet two inches in height, of great bottom, fine science, and great strength. A subscription purse was made, and the match went on. The fight took place, October 14, 1807.—Gully was seconded by Tom Crib, Gregson by Richmond: the odds were in favor of Gully. After the twenty-sixth round both men were knocked up; the thirty-sixth round they fell from feebleness—and in that round Gully succeeded in giving the knock-down-blow; Gregson could not come to time, and he won the battle. Gregson, after all, had the better chance at first. Gully was obliged to wait for Gregson making a hit, Gregson's left arm being much stronger and longer than Gully's, and he had it always extended in sparring; besides, Gregson's right arm gave such sledge-hammer blows, that Gully's left arm was so dreadfully mauled as to be injured to this day: Gregson wished for another trial, and was backed by Major Morgan and Shelton, Gully by Jackson. It was to be a fair stand-up fight, one article being "neither to fall without a knock-down-blow, subject to the decision of the umpires." Gregson was the challenger, and it was for a thousand dollars aside. The fight came on in Sir John Sebright's Park, Hertfordshire, on May 10th, 1808, in a forty feet ring. The rain fell in torrents. Captain Barclay was umpire—Harry Lea seconded Gregson—Joe Ward seconded Gully: both men fought in white breeches and silk stockings, and without shoes, because Gregson had spikes in his. Gully was so confident of victory, that before entering the ring, he offered to bet $200 in addition to what he had previously betted, that he would win. The battle lasted 48 minutes, but was over in twenty-four rounds, Gully being then fresh, and putting in a *left-hander* under Gregson's ear, which prevented his coming to time. Gully then said that he would fight no more, his left arm being much injured. He quitted the ring and became landlord of the Plough, Carey-street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London. Gully stands about six feet in height. Soon after his last battle he took to the turf as bettor or "sporting man." Had luck and honesty made his way and paid his way; was left a fortune by some man who took a fancy to him; bought Ackworth Park near Pontefract, Yorkshire, and has been such a favorite, that in 1832 they made him M. P. for Pontefract. There is rarely a more quiet, gentlemanly man in Parliament. Such has been the career of "Jack Gully."

A good stand-up prize fight took place, last week, near Bradford, (Yorkshire) between John Leachmore (known as Braney of Bradford) and a man named Seniton, of York. The battle was for $100 a-side, and Leachmore won in 17 minutes. He is a good mechanic, and could earn 6 or 8 dollars a week, but prefers the ring. He is a known man, and was recently challenged, by Bedness, of Nottingham. But, after all chaffing on the subject, *this* is certain—prize fighting has had its day in England. An odd fight may occur, now and then, but it is merely a flash in the pan. Society has denounced the *profession* of pugilism as brutal, and it sinks more in the mire, daily.

Shooting Extraordinary.—A. Hughes, Esq., of Bideford, whilst in his canoe on the Barnstable river, a few days since, made four extraordinary shots—the first was at a flock of teal, killing 17; the second at wild ducks, killing 6; the third at widgeon, killing 14; and the fourth at real golden plovers, killing 36—making together 73 head of wild fowl.

☞ By some untoward accident, our English Sporting Magazines for January did not reach us till Thursday last,—too late for use this week. Henceforth our readers may depend upon having the very marrow of these publications, extracted and served up to them in *illigant style* each week. The last arrival brought us the *New Sporting Magazine*, the most brilliant of *Monthlies*, and we have already marked for insertion papers by *Nimrod*, and *Jorrocks*, and *Deccan*. The *Old Sporting Magazine* looks rich in interest; and *The Sportsman*, the most recent sporting publication, contains many valuable papers on the Veterinary art, horsemanship, and what not. Our readers shall have a taste of all.

By the way, it has just occurred to us that our old year is *up*, and the new one *on*, and that our expenses at present are rather terrific. But there is a sovereign specific for all terrors of this kind, which we hardly need hint to our readers. A good *Nick Biddle*, of the smallest denomination he issues, can be sent us as easily as an old-fashioned $3; and should any letter chance to contain a specimen of each kind, we will pay the extra postage. We never remarked that letters containing cash for us ever miscarried. In this case, then, allow us to exclaim with Nelson, "The Editor *expects every man to do his duty.*"

A Steeple Chase of Amateur Musicians.

Sporting is becoming a little more rife as Spring is opening upon us, and already our friends, the Southern turfmen, have had crack sport, as our columns last week and this amply testify; meanwhile, we of Gotham, are blocked up with snow and ice, with not bare ground enough to give a horse an opportunity to stretch his legs without endangering his own and his rider's neck. However, as we cannot recount any racing of the true orthodox stamp, we have picked up a little "*fancy sport*," that is not badly told in the following recital:—

"I recollect once going to a musical party, which consisted entirely of amateurs. The host, of course, was allowed to play "*first fiddle*," though I could have sworn that his *amiable* partner was a more experienced performer. The orchestra was numerous rather than select. It consisted of three violins, none of which were in time; a violincello, operated upon with more labor than skill; eleven flutes, each differing in tone; two French horns, similarly circumstanced; a clarionet, that shrieked like a perturbed spirit; an oboe, with tones exactly similar to those produced by a schoolboy from a pocket-comb; and a bassoon, the sounds of which were like the growl of a polar-bear with the stomach-ache. An overture began the evening's entertainment. In the execution of this composition, there was no *slavish adherence* to old-fashioned rules.—All those threadbare notions about *time* and *tune*, were scouted as antediluvian. *Time* really appeared to them a matter of no moment, for every *bar* was passed over with the rapidity of a steeple chase. It seemed as if each performer was trying to get just to the conclusion. Now the second fiddle was *ahead*; he was soon *passed* by two of the flutes, *closely followed* by the clarionet and violoncello, and *fiercely pursued* by the rest of the band—the French horns *bringing up* the rear. At one time they *lay so closely* together, that you might have covered them with a table-cloth; but as the *heat* was a long one, *symptoms* of *exhaustion* were exhibited by several. Two of the violins *bolted*; the oboe *refused* to take a *leap*—I mean a passage—and would not *proceed* further; the bassoon *broke down* for want of breath; the first fiddle and the last half-dozen flutes were completely *thrown out*, and the French horns *drew up* in despair. I would have offered at one period *ten to one on the flute* in advance, but towards the end he began to *flag*; and although he *pushed* along at a *frightful pace*, he was so closely *pressed* by the violoncello and clarionet, that I saw it was impossible for him *to hold out*. He was at last fairly *blown*, and *passed* the other two. It became a *neck and neck* race between the remaining *pair*. Each strained every nerve to reach the *winning post*; and neither for some seconds *gained* or *lost an inch*. At last the wind instrument, when near the end of the *course*—the overture I should say—*let out*, (it was here *slashing work*), and *won* by nearly *half a head*—I mean half a *bar*. Some *judges* proclaimed it a *dead heat*; but in my opinion the stringed instrument *lost*. A few of the regular *out and outers* came *straggling* in two or three minutes after the *winner*—the rest were completely *distanced*."

We hope that the orchestra at neither of our Theatres will think themselves alluded to in the above; for however strong the resemblance, the portrait was not intended for them; yet, should either discover features which may happen unconsciously to engender some paternal yearnings on their part, we give them leave to appropriate so much of the graphic description as touches on the horrors of discord, but not a particle of the amusement recounted, could by possibility belong to them. Yours, gentlemen of the orchestra, is no steeple-chase, where there are *bold movements—quick time—startling passages*, and every thing in harmonious keeping, but more resembles the proverbially independent *action* of a flock of turkeys on their way to market at the witching hour of twilight—nothing can restrain them, each follows his own instinct—dashes aside for a perch—mounts the first bough he meets, equally regardless of the cue of his *leader* or the persuasions of his driver, and thus all, with an ineffable serenity and a calm conviction of their individual *elevation*, gobble through the night, each "on his own *hook*."

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF AMERICAN WINNING HORSES FOR 1835.—TWO MILE HEATS.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES, FROM AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

NAME.	COLOR.	AGE.	SIRE.	DAM.	OWNED OR ENTERED BY	PURSE.	STAKES.	WEIGHT.	TIME.	BEATING THE UNDER-NAMED HORSES.	COURSE.	DATE.
Admiral	ch. c.	4	Barefoot	By Eclipse	John C. Stevens		$7500	104 *lbs.*		*Walked over.*	Union Course, L. I.	Nov. 4
Andrew	b. g.	4			C. Thompson	$100		97 "	4:10—4:13	Allegro, Katy Fisher, Nahmeokee.	Pittsburgh, Pa.	May 28
Antelope	s. m.	5	Stockholder	By Timoleon	Col. O. Claiborne	300		107 "		Yazoo Trapper, Longtail Blue, Greyhound.	Madisonville, Miss.	Dec. 8
Azalia	b. f.	4	Mambrino	By Rattler	Gen. C. Irvine	250		101 "	3:54	Tempest, Emelius.	Trenton, N. J.	Sept. 23
Bald Hornet	ch. m.	5			Mr. Phillips	50		107 "	4:04—4:06	Western Spy.	Terre Haute, Indiana.	Oct. 15
Bayard	b. g.	aged	Carolinian	Knowsley	Thomas Doswell	150		121 "	4:03—3:59—4:02	Mattapony, Criton, Accident, get of Tonson.	Mount Clement, Va.	Oct. 15
Betsey Rochleau	b. f.	3	Arab	By Conqueror	Col. A. L. Bingaman		4000	100 "	3:55	Red Maria.	Natchez, Miss.	Mar. 4
Black Hawk	gr. c.	4	Rob Roy	By Dare Devil	Maj. Wm. Eddins	200		102 "	4:07—4:16	Chestatee, John Wilson, Young Truffle.	Newberry, S. C.	Mar. 26
Bill Austin	b. h.	4	Bertrand	By Timoleon	Col. John Crowell	300		100 "	3:52—4:00	Davy Crockett, Kitty Minge.	Columbus, Ga.	Dec. 8
Bill Austin	b. h.	4	Bertrand	By Timoleon	Col. John Crowell	300		100 "	4:30—4:32	Samuel O'Rourke, Veto.	Montgomery, Ala.	Nov. 19
Bowdark	gr. c.	4	Medley	Merino Ewe	Col. J. H. Hammond	500		102 "	4:05—4:08	Rushlight, Cudjoe, get of Crusader.	Columbia, S. C.	Dec. 26
Brunette	ch. m.	5	Phenomenon	By Director	Maj. Wm. Eddins			111 "	4:07—4:16	Fairford.	Pendleton, S. C.	Oct. 22
Cadmus	ch. c.	4	Eclipse	Di Vernon	Gerard H. Coster	300		104 "	3:50—3:47—3:47	Floranthe, Philip, Islander, Speculation.	Union Course, L. I.	June 4
Calmuc	s. c.	4	Timoleon		George Goodwyn		150	100 "	4:02—4:01—4:09	Gaston, Golden Fleece.	Laurenceville, Va.	April 15
Camsidel	br. f.	4	Industry	By Sir Hal	Thomas J. Godman	245		97 "	4:01—4:06	Partnership, ch. f. by Sir Charles.	Washington, D. C.	Dec. 2
Caroline Scott	b. f.	4	Sir Archie	By Wild Medley	Sidney Burbridge	200		100 "	4:06—4:04	Hustlecap, Dick Chinn, Duke of York, Henry, Sir Clinton.	Louisville, Ky.	June 3
Charles Kemble	b. h.	5	Sir Archie	By Gallatin	Col. Wm. R. Johnson	300		110 "	3:53—3:56—3:50	Mary Lea, Alp, Sally Ewbanks, Jesse, Rosalie Somers, Adjutant.	Fairfield, Va.	May 1
Charles Kemble	b. h.	5	Sir Archie	By Gallatin	Col. Wm. R. Johnson	250		110 "	3:54—4:00	Laura Lovell.	Norfolk, Va.	Sept. 23
Childers	b. c.	3	Sir Charles	By Eagle	Maj. W. M'Cargo		800	86 "	3:58—4:08	Red Wasp, Henrietta Scott, Duke of Buckingham.	Lynchburgh, Va.	Sept. 22
Cinderella	ch. f.	3	Kosciusko	By Comet	G. Stapp	125		77 "	3:54-3:59-4:04-4:03	Chifney, Eliza Bailey, Splendor.	Crab Orchard, Ky.	Aug. 28
Clara Howard	b. m.	4	Barefoot	Alarm	Charles Henry Hall	300		101 "	3:44—3:44—3:50	Cadmus, Floranthe, Tarquin, Rival, Ecarte, Firefly.	Union Course, L. I.	May 6
Columbia Taylor	gr. f.	4	Medley	Virginia [Oaks	Joseph Hellings	300		101 "	3:57—4:05	Flatterer, Lady Archiana, Stranger, Mossrose.	Trenton, N. J.	Nov. 10
Cora	ch. f.	4	Eclipse	Young Maid of the	John C. Stevens	300		101 "	3:53—3:56—4:03	Columbia Taylor, Lady Jane, Azalia, Corinna, Sir Harry.	Union Course, L. I.	Oct. 7
Crowder	s. c.	3	Pirate	By St. Tammany	John Goode	100		86 "	4:20—4:30	Waxey, Jr., Miss Fortune, Whop Supinicky.	Pittsburgh, Pa.	Oct. 20
Dan. O'Connell	b. h.	5	John Richards	By Eclipse	B. C. Bush	100		114 "		Filly by Democrat.	Salina, N. Y.	Nov. 16
Deceiver	b. c.	4	Bertrand	By Doublehead	Richard Adams	300		100 "	3:55—3:56—4:01	Red Jacket, Cut-throat.	Tree Hill, Va.	May 14
Donna Maria	ch. m.	5	Sir Hal	By Assiduous	John S. Hurt	200		107 "	3:51—3:54	Flying Artillery, Eliza Clay.	Lynchburgh, Va.	May 29
Donna Maria	ch. m.	5	Sir Hal	By Assiduous	John S. Hurt	200		107 "	3:50—3:57	Philip.	Lynchburgh, Va.	Sept. 25
Dr. Syntax	ch. c.	3	Eclipse	Saluda	J. H. Wilkes		200			*Walked over.*	Union Course, L. I.	Oct. 7
Ecarte	ch. m.	5	Eclipse	By Hickory	James B. Kendall	200		107 "	3:55—3:57	Emily, Orazabo, Pelham, Ploughboy.	Charlestown, Va.	Sept. 24
Eliza Drake	ch. m.	6	Shawnee	By Saltram	P. B. Starke	200		115 "		Velox.	Belfield, Va.	April 21
Eliza Drake	ch. m.	6	Shawnee	By Saltram	P. B. Starke	200		115 "	3:55—4:04	Adjutant, gr. h. by Henry.	Nottaway C. H., Va.	May 27
Eliza Bailey	b. m.	3	Columbus	By Stockholder	J. Dunn	200		77 "		Scarlet, Daniel Webster, Bob Collins, Robert Burns, Mary Alston!	Lexington, Ky.	Oct. —
Emelia	b. f.	3	Lance	Nettletop	Capt. R. F. Stockton		500	87 "	3:54	Middlesex, Nelson, Itasca, Mark Moore, Jane Maria.	Trenton, N. J.	Sept. 22
Enterprize	ch. c.	4	John Richards	By Don Quixotte	J. Frost	144		100 "	4:28—4:13	Hawk-Eye, Driver.	Diamond Grove, Ill.	Oct. 1
Experiment	ch. c.	3	Jack Downing		C. A. Gantt		400	86 "	3:55—4:00	Polly Stran, Republican, Culpepper.	Washington, D. C.	Oct. 13
Extio	ch. f.	3	Leviathan	White Feathers	T. Kirkman		1100	83 "	4:16—4:22—4:36	Hortense, Palladium, Polly Claiborne.	Florence, Ala.	April 25
Fanny Cline	b. m.	5	Sir Archie	By Gallatin	P. B. Starke		200	107 "		*Walked over.*	Lawrenceville, Va.	April 15
Fanny Wright	ch. f.	3	Bertrand	By Virginian	G. N. Sanders		210	77 "	3:51	Dicky Chin, Rachel Cunningham, get of Contract, Columbus, Waxey.	Lexington, Ky.	May 23
Gadsden	b. c.	3	Crusader	Pocahontas	Col. Wade Hampton		850	90 "	4:04—4:5—4:17	Get of Marshal Ney, Crusader.	Columbia, S. C.	Dec. 21
Gift	b. f.	3	Leviathan	Crazy Jane	James S. Garrison		600	83 "	3:55—3:52	G. c. by Medley.	Norfolk, Va.	Sept. 22
Governor M'Duffie	gr. c.	3	Blind Jackson	By Medley	Marcus D. Vance	300		86 "	3:45—3:50—3:48	Queen Adelaide, Tartar, Sarah Hayne, Alborak.	Macon, Ga.	Mar. 31
Greyfoot	gr. c.	3	Trumpator	By Hamiltonian	Col. Davenport		200	80 "	4:20—4:16	Ch. f. by Bertrand.	Lexington, Ky.	May 21
Hanslap	b. h.	5	Washington	By Sir Archie	James S. Garrison	250		110 "	3:54—3:53	Sidi Hamet, Virginia Carey, Cut-throat.	Broad Rock, Va.	April 23
Hard Heart	gr. g.	5	Mercury		Col. A. L. Bingaman		5000	100 "	3:55	Pelham.	Natchez, Miss.	Mar. 30
Herr Cline	b. h.	5	Sir Archie	By Gallatin	George Walden	200		110 "	4:12—4:19	Muckle Andrew, Paulina.	Auguste, Ga.	Mar. 18
Henry Archie	b. h.	aged	Henry	By Eclipse	Samuel Laird	300		126 "	3:52—3:50—3:53	Monmouth, Oliver.	Monmouth, N. J.	May 19
Huntsman	ch. c.	4	Sumter	By Hamiltonian	R. Mosby	150		100 "	3:55—3:49—3:50	Hustlecap, Van Leader, Phantom, Jim Allen, John Adair.	Madison, Ky.	Sept. 11
Huntsman	ch. c.	4	Sumter	By Hamiltonian	R. Mosby	200		100 "	3:49—3:50	B. f. by Sidi Hamet.	Madison, Ky.	Sept. 13
Irby	b. c.	3	John Richards	By Virginian	Gen. Emory	700		86 "	4:05—4:00—4:02	Get of John Richards, and Henry.	Easton, Md.	Sept. 30
Isham Puckett	ch. g.	5	Arab		W. M. West	300		107 "	3:58—3:46—3:56	Alp, John Floyd, Rosalie Somers, Fanny Cline, Chas. Kemble, Wm. Bell.	Tree Hill, Va.	Oct. 7
Jane Wiley	ch. f.	4	Baron Trenck	By Sartorius	Capt. Jas. J. Harrison		280	99 "	4:04—4:16	Young Andrew.	Oglethorpe, Ga.	Oct. 31
Jesse	gr. c.	5	Medley	By Spring Hill	William H. Minge	400		110 "	3:50-3:50-3:52-3:59	Rosalie Somers, Nancy Blunt, Alp, Lady Connah, Vertumnus, John Henry.	Kendall Course, Md.	May 27
John Crittenden	b. c.	4	Buford's Childers	Dchs of Marlboro'	James Shy	150		94 "	4:22—4:14 [4:08	Bob Collins, Chilton Allen, get of Cumberland.	Franklin, Ky.	Oct. 22
Joshua	b. c.	4	Gohanna	By Eclipse Herod	J. Sleeper	200		100 "	3:53-3:53-3:53-4:19	Maid of the Neck, Camsidel, Lubly Rosa, Tonson c.	Kendall Course, Md.	Oct. 26
Kate Plowden	ch. f.	4	Kosciusko	By Cook's Whip	George H. Sinclair	100		97 "	4:46—4:39—4:46	Goldfinder, Interest, Corinna.	Chilicothe, Ohio	Oct. 22
Lady Archiana	gr. m.	5	Sir Archie	Pandora II.	Philip Wallis	300		107 "	3:51—3:52—3:54	Nick Biddle, Orazabo, Experiment, Pelham, Miss Maynard.	Kendall Course, Md.	Oct. 27
Lady Jane	s. m.	4	Eclipse		B. C. Bush		200	101 "		Goldfinder.	Syracuse, N. Y.	Oct. 30
Lady Lancaster	ch. m.	6	John Richards	By Sir Solomon	W. W. Hurt	200		115 "	3:55—3:54	Eliza Drake, Watkins Leigh, get of Gohanna.	Danville, Va.	Oct. 8
Lancer	b. c.	3	Lance	Lady Forest	Dr. E. A. Darcy		150	86 "	4:08—4:17—4:28	Gazelle, Rose of Allandale.	Diamond Grove, Ill.	Sept. 28
Leach	ro. c.	4	Sir Charles	By Midas	Col. Wm. M'Cargo		450	100 "	4:00—4:00	Climax, and get of Merlin.	Belfield, Va.	April 44
Leach	ro. c.	4	Sir Charles	By Midas	Col. Wm. M'Cargo	250		100 "	3:59—3:59	Wicked Will, Mary Alston, Climax.	Oxford, N. C.	May 12
Leach	ro. c.	4	Sir Charles	By Midas	Col. Wm. M'Cargo	200		100 "	3:53—3:56	Sally Hood, Sterling, Duke of Buckingham.	Lynchburgh, Va.	Sept. 23
Linnet	ch. f.	3	Leviathan	By Marshal Ney	James Jackson	350		80 "	4:02—3:59	Dan. O'Connell, Lem. Gustin, Betsey Smith.	Nashville, Tenn.	Oct. 6
Lucy Ashton	ch. f.	4	Gohanna		Col. Wm. M'Cargo	400		99 "	4:04—3:57	Minor, Chestatee, Little Davie, Blackstocks, Jeanette, Edisto.	Columbia, S. C.	Jan. 14
Mad Anthony	b. c.	4	Star		P. Hutton	75		100 "	3:57—3:56—4:07	Caroline, Janus, Pulaski, Lady Richmond, Sir Edgar.	Moorefield, Va.	Nov. 29
Maid of the Neck	ch. m.	5	Maryland Eclipse	By Windflower	Levi Hoffman	300		107 "	3:50—3:57—3:56	Kitty Cruiser, Queen Dido, Bianca.	Philadelphia, Pa.	June 17
MaidofSouthampton	b. m.	6	Monsieur Tonson	By Chance	P. B. Starke	200		115 "	4:06—4:03—4:12	Velox, Fleetwood, Trescillian, Miss Selden.	Warrenton, N. C.	
Mark Moore	ch. c.	3	Eclipse	Lalla Rookh	Robert L. Stevens		2000	90 "	4:04	Felix.	Trenton, N. J.	Sept. 24
Mark Moore	ch. c.	3	Eclipse	Lalla Rookh	Robert L. Stevens		2700	90 "	3:59—3:57—4:06	Gipsey, Emilia, Itasca, f. by Henry.	Union Course, L. I.	Oct. 7
Master Burton	b. c.	4	Bertrand	By Josephus Whip	T. B. Scruggs	100		100 "	4:02	Independence.	Chillicothe, Ohio.	May 21
Mary Doubleday	ch. m.	4	John Henry	By Dungannon	Col. Jas. J. Pittman	300		97 "	4:14—4:15	Andrew Jackson.	Tallahassee, Florida.	Dec. 17
Mazeppa	b. c.	4	Hotspur	By Francisco	Col. Wm. R. Johnson		1400	100 "	4:00	Virginia Carey.	Newmarket, Va.	May 6
Michigan	b. c.	4	Timoleon	By Diomed	James C. Tate	200		100 "	4:00—4:03	Flying Artillery.	Bowling Green, Va.	Sept. 16
Milley Tonson	b. f.	3	Monsieur Tonson	Pocahontas	Maj. Davies	200		77 "	4:02—4:02—4:07	Ben. West, Donna Maria.	Oakland, Ky.	Sept. 28
Mingo	b. c.	4	Eclipse	By Rattler	Gen. C. Irvine	200		104 "	3:56—3:54	Blueskin, Queen Dido, Telltale, Stranger.	Trenton, N. J.	April 22
Mingo	b. c.	4	Eclipse	By Rattler	Gen. C. Irvine		1000	104 "	3:49—3:51	Monmouth, Lucy Ashton.	Trenton, N. J.	Sept. 22
Minor	c. h.	5	Claremont	By Virginius	Col. Moore	300			4:02	Richlander.	Pinesville, S. C.	Nov. 3
Mrs. Mentelle	b. f.	3	Marmion		P. M. Jackson		350	72 "	4:03—4:12	Play-or-pay, Bonnets o' Blue, Davy Crockett, Fanny Kemble, Jack Down-ing, Wonder.	Fayette, Missouri	May 6
Miss Finery	ch. f.	2	Mercury	Sally Hervey	F. Duplantier	200		feather	4:15—4:20	Lord Byron, Scotland.	New Iberia, La.	April 23
Molo	ch. h.	6	Timoleon		Scruggs & Hogan	200		118 *lbs.*	4:04—4:02	Emeline, Prophet.	Red Bridge, Tenn.	
Molly Long	b. m.	5	Sumter	Sophy Winn	J. S. Montmollin			109 "	4:03—4:11	Conrad.	Charleston, S. C.	Feb. 18
Morris	ch. c.	4	Eclipse	Grand Duchess	Capt. R. F. Stockton		2000	104 "	4:02—3:56	Tom Moore.	Union Course, L. I.	May 5
Nancy Blunt	ch. f.	4	Sir Archie	By Alfred	O. P. Hare	300		97 "	3:55—3:56	Dick Samson, Eliza Drake, b. c. by Mons. Tonson.	Newmarket, Va.	May 6
Nancy Blunt	ch. f.	4	Sir Archie	By Alfred	O. P. Hare	250		97 "	3:56—3:54	Isham Puckett, Tally-ho, Quiz, Tobacconist.	Broad Rock, Va.	Sept. 22
Nancy Blunt	ch. f.	4	Sir Archie	By Alfred	O. P. Hare	300		97 "	3:54—3:55	Isham Puckett, Betsey Minge, John Minor.	Newmarket, Va.	Oct. 14
Nut-brown Maid	br. f.	3	Stockholder	By Pacolet	Col. A. L. Bingaman	450		83 "	4:18—4:17—4:30	Storm, Wild Irishman.	Natchez, Miss.	Mar. 4
O'Connell	gr. c.	3	Sir Henry Tonson	By imp. Sir Harry	G. W. Parker	200		86 "	4:05—3:57	Go-it-Jerry, Adria, Gazelle.	Nashville, Tenn.	May 30
Oliver	b. c.	4	May Day	By John Richards	J. Holmes	200		104 "	4:07—4:03	Morris, Caroline Richards, Kitty Cruiser, Fanny Jarman.	Bordentown, N. J.	May 12
Oliver	b. c.	4	May Day	By John Richards	J. Holmes	150		104 "	3:52	Clara Howard, Tyro, Morris.	Trenton, N. J.	April 23
Oliver	b. c.	4	May Day	By John Richards	J. Holmes	300		104 "	3:47—3:50	Philip, Sweetheart.	Trenton, N. J.	June 10
Orazabo	ch. c.	4	Monsieur Tonson	By Contention	C. Thompson		500	100 "	3:50—3:56	Harriet Heath.	Washington, D. C.	Oct. 14
Orphan Girl	b. m.	3	Orphan Boy		W. H. Edgar	250			4:52—4:33	Palentine, Anne Royal.	Fayette, Missouri	May 7
Patsey Wallace	ch. m.	5	Alexander	By Robin Gray	J. S. Montmollin	300		107 "	4:04—4:04	Tuskeno, Betsey Eckles, Little Red.	Savannah, Ga.	Jan. 20
Patsey Wallace	ch. m.	5	Alexander	By Robin Gray	J. S. Montmollin			109 "	4:03—4:11	Dangerfield.	Charleston, S. C.	Feb. 19
Patrick Henry	gr. c.	3	Medley	By Remus	John S. Hurt	200		86 "		G. c. by Medley.	Liberty, Va.	Sept. 11
Peacemaker	b. c.	3	Peacemaker	By Buzzard	J. Marshall	135		86 "	4:07	Lady Warren, Eliza Caldwell.	Diamond Grove, Ill.	May 22
Philip	ch. c.	4	Janus	By Trafalgar	Wm. L. White	500		100 "	3:50—3:52	Mazeppa, Black Heath.	Central Course, Md.	May 20
Post Boy	ch. c.	4	Henry	Garland	Robert Tillotson		6000	104 "	3:45—3:47	Rosalie Somers.	Union Course, L. I.	June 6
Post Boy	ch. c.	4	Henry	Garland	Robert Tillotson		6000	104 "	4:02—3:58	Veto.	Union Course, L. I.	Oct. 7
Powhattan	b. c.	3	Arab	By Oscar	Col. R. Smith		500	86 "	4:04—4:02	Ben. Franklin.	Natchez, Miss.	Feb. 25
Powhattan	b. c.	3	Arab	By Oscar	F. L. Claiborne		1000	86 "	4:00—4:37	Bob. Oakley.	Natchez, Miss.	Mar. 16
Prince George	b. c.	3	Industry	Thisbe	George W. Duvall		400	86 "	4:39—4:14—4:29	Experiment, Hortensius.	Upper Marlboro, Md.	Oct. 6
Queen Adelaide	b. m.	6	Arab	By Virginian	Capt. Jas. J. Harrison	200		115 "	4:12	Fair Ellen, Cadalaria Bell.	Wellington, Ga.	Oct. 14
Queen Adelaide	b. m.	6	Arab	By Virginian	Capt. Jas. J. Harrison	200		117 "	4:00—4:05	M'Duffie, get of Crusader.	Lexington, Ga.	Oct. 28
Queen Anne	ch. f.	4	John Richards	Grecian Princess	Mr. Ashurst	200		97 "	4:03—4:05—3:58	Sir Whitefoot, Highlander, Pelham, Ecarte, Pedlar.	Kendall Course, Md.	Oct. 30
Rebecca Coleman	br. f.	3	Apparition	By Oscar	T. R. S. Boyce		500	83 "	3:51—3:52	Queen of Clubs, Atalanta, Prince George, get of Apparition.	Washington, D. C.	Oct. 14
Rebecca Coleman	br. f.	3	Apparition	By Oscar	T. R. S. Boyce		350	83 "	3:53—3:55	Irby, John Marshall.	Central Course, Md.	Oct. 23
Rebecca Coleman	br. f.	3	Apparition	By Oscar	T. R. S. Boyce		600	83 "	3:50—3:49	John Marshall, Irby, Ellen Tree, Henry Clay.	Kendall Course, Md.	Oct. 27
Red Doe	ch. m.	5	Pacific	By Grey Tail	Wm. H. M'Gee	200		107 "		B. c. by Gift.	Huntsville, Ala.	May 15
Red Maria	b. f.	4	Bertrand	By Pacolet	John G. Perry	600	5000	97 "	3:53—3:55	Rebecca Smith.	St. Francisville, La.	April 24
Red Rover	b. h.	5	Combination	By Anvil	O. B. Brooke	150		110 "	3:55	Gimcrack, Jr.	Leonardtown, Md.	Oct. 22
Rushlight	ch. f.	4	Sir Archie	By Pacolet	Col. P. Fitzsimmons	400		99 "	3:56—3:59	Minor, Little Davie, Betsey Eckles.	Charleston, S. C.	Feb. 20
Sally Ewbanks	b. m.	5	Roanoke	By Contention	James S. Garrison	200		107 "	3:59—3:59	Jesse, Lady Lafayette.	Norfolk, Va.	June 4
Sarah Bell	ch. f.	3	Contention	Py Pacolet	Gen. J. A. Mabry	300		83 "		Kitty Sumter, Wallace.	Campbell's Stat'n. Tn.	June 26
Sarah Bell	ch. f.	3	Contention	By Pacolet	Gen. J. A. Mabry			83 "	3:56	Mexican.	Murfreesboro', Tenn.	Oct. 5
Scarlet	ch. c.	3	Waxey	By Tiger	J. K. Duke	200		86 "	3:59—3:57	Tuckhahoe, Yarico, Splendor.	Louisville, Ky.	Sept. 29
Seaflower	ch. f.	3	Claremont	Poor Girl	Col. J. R. Spann		500	87 "	4:06	Ettiwan.	Columbia, S. C.	Jan. 13
Sidi Hamet	b. h.	5	Eclipse	By Defiance	Col. Wm. R. Johnson	225		110 "	3:52-3:52-3:55-3:57	Lady Connah, Alp, Miss Patience, Dick Beaseley.	Kendall Course, Md.	May 28
Sir Kenrith	ch. c.	3	Crusader	Carolina	William Sinkler		400	90 "		*Walked over.*	Charleston, S. C.	Feb. 19
Sir Kenneth	ch. c.	3	Monsieur Tonson	Vingt'un	John Heth	300		90 "	3:48—3:50—4:04	Columbia Taylor, Flatterer, Cora, Skylark.	Union Course, L. I.	Nov. 5
Sir Jaspar	ch. h.	4	Blind Jackson	By Whip	Marcus D. Vance		500	100 "	3:55—3:55	Jim Shy.	Macon, Ga.	April 4
Sir Philip	ch. c.	4	Janus	By Trafalgar	W. L. White	500		100 "	4:02—4:01	Troubadour.	Washington, D. C.	May 12
Simon	ch. c.	3	Marion	By Chance	John Heth	500		86 "	3:56—3:56	Orazabo, Miss Patience.	Central Course, Md.	Oct. 22
Shamrock	gr. h.	aged	Torment	By Hickory	C. S. Lloyd	150		118 "		*Walked over.*	Bordentown, N. J.	Sept. 6
Sterling	ch. h.	4	Sir Charles	By Powhattan	William W. Hurt	200		100 "	3:55—3:55—3:58	Sally Hood, Willie Walker, Flying Artillery.	Danville, Va.	Oct. 10
Streamlet	bl. f.	3	Childers	By Whip	L. L. Leavell	200		77 "	4:03—3:53	Polly Ambler, ch. f. by Pacific.	Keesburgh, Ky.	Sept. 3
Susan Schroeder	ch. f.	4	Sumter	Old Crop	G. N. Sanders		600	91 "	3:58—3:58	Sarah Miller, Lady Scott.	Lexington, Ky.	May 23
Tartar	ch. h.	3	Arab	By Conqueror	Col. F. Lewis	250		86 "	3:57—3:56—4:00	Robin Hood, Volney.	Columbus, Ga.	April 13
Tartar	ch. h.	4	Arab	By Conqueror	S. D. Sharp			94 "	4:01—3:58—4:03	Woodville, get of Leviathan, Sir John.	Nashville, Tenn.	Oct. 9
Tarquin	br. c.	3	Henry	Ostrich	J. Alston	300		90 "	3:47—3:50	Rival, Post Boy, Columbia Taylor, Ajax, Alfred.	Union Course, L. I.	April 24
Tom Moore		4	Eclipse	Lalla Rookh	Robert L. Stevens		2000	110 "	3:54—4:01	Morris.	Trenton, N. J.	Sept. 33
Tom Moore		4	Eclipse	Lalla Rookh	Robert L. Stevens		2000	110 "	3:53	Emelia.	Trenton, N. J.	Nov. 10
Troubadour	c. h.	5	Monsieur Tonson	By imp. Wonder	Levi Hoffman	100		110 "	3:50—3:50	Miss Maynard, Grey Horse.	Hagerstown, Md.	Nov. 5
Traveller	ch. h.	6	Arab		Maj. Wm. Ainsworth			118 "	4:28—4:20	Duroc, Billy Wallace.	Red Bridge, Tenn.	
Vertumnus	b. c.	4	Eclipse	By Defiance	Col. Wm. R. Johnson	300		100 "	3:54-3:58-3:58-3:58	Mary Lea, Jesse, Rosalie Somers, Montabello.	Tree Hill, Va.	May 15
Vertumnus	b. c.	4	Eclipse	By Defiance	Capt. Donald Rowe	400		102 "	3:56—3:57	Ormond, Turnbull, Seaflower, Clodhopper, Dick Sampson, Cowper.	Columbia, S. C.	Dec. 22
Veto	b. c.	3	Gohanna	By Tom Tough	A. L. Botts		2700	90 "	3:44—3:53—4:00	Dr. Syntax, Catharine Davis, Red Russett, Mark Moore.	Union Course, L. I.	Nov. 4
Watkins Leigh	b. h.	4	Shakspeare	By Madison	John S. Hurt	200		100 "	3:59—3:55—3:54	Eliza Clay, Flying Artillery.	Lynchburg, Va.	May 27
	ch. f.	3	Sir Charles	Betsey Robinson	James P. Corbin	100		83 "	4:02—3:55	Moscow, Ariadne, ro. g. by Tom Tough.	Mount Clement, Va.	Oct. 17
	ch. f.	3	Sir Charles	Betsey Robinson	James P. Corbin	200		83 "	3:55—3:59	Dick Beaseley, Milan, get of Sir Charles.	Fairfield, Va.	Oct. 23
	ch. f.	3	Sir Charles	By Trafalgar	Col. Wm. R. Johnson		600	83 "	3:55	S. c. by Sir Charles.	Fairfield, Va.	Oct. 20
	b. f.	3	Sir Charles	Dam of Star	Francis P. Corbin		1200	83 "	4:06—4:24	Ch. f. by Timoleon.	Central Course, Md.	Oct. 22
	br. c.	4	Monsieur Tonson		Thomas Warwick		200	180 "	3:57	Pelham.	Timonium, Md.	June 2
	br. f.	3	Monsieur Tonson	By Sir Archie	Isham Puckett		2300	83 "	4:02—4:06	Kitty Minge, Spartacus, get of Mons. Tonson, Sir Charles, Timoleon, Sir Archie.	Tree Hill, Va.	Oct. 6
	br. f.	3	Monsieur Tonson	By Sir Archie	Abner Robinson		2750	83 "	3:58—4:00	Daniel, Nick Biddle, Upton Heath.	Central Course, Md.	Oct. 21
	ch. f.	3	Timoleon		James S. Garrison		375	83 "		*Walked over.*	Norfolk, Va.	Sept. 25
	ch. c.	3	Timoleon	By Sir Charles	Maj. J. M. Selden		1600	86 "	4:00	B. f. by Gohanna,	Central Course, Md.	Oct. 21
	ch. c.	3	Marion	By Chance	Dr. Goodwyn		1200	86 "	3:57—3:51	B. f. by Sir Charles.	Newmarket, Va.	Oct. 13
	b. f.	3	Sir Archie	By Sir Hal	O. P. Hare	300		83 "	3:56—3:59	Lady Connah, three colts by Timoleon.	Fairfield, Va.	Oct. 22
	s. f.	2	Brown Sumter	By Rattler	Maj. T. Marshall		500	feather	4:08—4:06—4:08	Get of Bertrand, Waxey, Archie Montario.	Webster, Ass., Ky.	Oct. 1
	b. f.	3	Cherokee	Susan	J. Ward		900	77 *lbs.*	3:58	B. f. by Kosciusko.	Lexington, Ky.	May 20
	ch. f.	3	Leviathan	White Feathers	T. Kirkman		800	83 "	4:16—4:22—4:36	Palladium, bl. f. by Pacific, bl. f. by Leviathan.	Florence, Ala.	April 25
	b. f.	4			Gen. C. Irvine	200		101 "	4:00—3:58	Mossrose, Warren.	Cranbury, N. J.	Sept. 2
	s. c.	3	Gohanna	By Sir Charles	John M. Botts		600	86 "	3:54-3:56-4:05-3:59	Get of Sir Archie, Mons. Tonson, Yankee Doodle, Timoleon, Sir Charles.	Broad Rock, Va.	Sept. 29

American Turf.

FROM A SOUTHERN TURFMAN.

ERROR:—*Barefoot, Luzborough, Autocrat and Leviathan, &c., &c.*

MR. EDITOR—You and your patrons, as well as the humble subscriber, merit congratulation upon the improved condition of your paper. It is *full* of interesting matter; but you must guard against mistakes. There is one in the advertisement of Barefoot. Although a capital racer, he is not "*the only winner of the St. Leger*" now in the United States:* Rowton and Margrave ought not to be overlooked. Trustee and St. Giles, (winner of the Derby), beat Margrave. Lap Dog was also a winner of the Derby, which Shakspeare, another late importation, but for bad riding, ought to have won. Yet Shakspeare was beat the same season by Leviathan. The latter, as well as Luzborough and Autocrat, beat the renowned Euphrates, that, under similar circumstances, beat Barefoot—*cuique tribuito*. There may not be much difference between either; Rowton, however, is confessedly of more racing fame than any horse that has been ever imported, excepting only Shark. Of modern importations, Chateau Margaux stands second—so writes an intelligent turfite abroad. The above, with Tranby, and perhaps some others, may contend for the third place. Such has been the great exportation of fine horses, within a few years, from England, that few *such* can be now spared—they are required at home.

It has been clearly shown, that the importations of first rate English race horses has been necessary to keep up our racing stock. Such as have been lately introduced must improve it. Take for example three prominent stallions of the highest blood, in one neighborhood, near Nashville, in Tennessee, (those people of the West seem resolved to "go-ahead"), Leviathan, Luzborough and Autocrat, three renowned descendants of Sir Peter—the two former grandsons of Eleanor, the best mare of her day, and sister to Priam's dam; the latter descended from own sister to Highflyer, and paternally, from the own brother to Stamford, the sire to the dams of Emilius, Fleur de Lis and Mameluke—*three first rates.*

LUZBOROUGH—"Lord Palmerston's renowned County plater"—foaled 1820, beat the following crack nags: Longwaist, (however then only three years old and a winner the same day), Euphrates, Jocko, Triumph, Pictou, Sir Grey, Comedian, Cyndus, Trincolo, Presentiment, Prosody, &c. &c. [*See Am. Turf Register for Luzborough's memoir.*]

AUTOCRAT—Lord Derby's—foaled 1822, beat Bruthandorf, Dr. Faustus, Euphrates, Signorina, Miss Forester, Grenadier, Wings, (but she had been beat the same day by Euphrates), Anti Radical, Ludford, Achilles, Alecto, Sir Roger Randal, &c.

LEVIATHAN, foaled 1823, subsequently owned by the King—George IV.—but during his triumphs by Mr. Giffard, also beat Bruttandorf, Dr. Faustus, Euphrates, Sig orina, besides Cain, Shakspeare, Flexible, Arachne, Granby, Paul Pry, Euxton, and perhaps some others of renown; having won the Gold Cups at Ludlow, Derby, Warwick, and Litchfield.

Autocrat and Leviathan acquired celebrity by their competition with the same horses, that were of the highest fame, and at their respective distances.

Paul Pry, at short distances—in which he was famous—beat both of them—but was beat by Leviathan, at three miles; and Autocrat, when beat by him, was the favorite, but was injured in the start. Dr. Faustus, renowned at all distances, a winner of near thirty prizes, beating Longwaist, Lottery, Bruttandorf—the very best horses of their day—and a host of others of renown; was beat by both Leviathan and Autocrat, and beat them both—weight for age—the same age of Autocrat. He and Leviathan never received weight. To judge of a horse's standing in England, special reference must be had *to weight*. Bruttandorf, the half-brother to Lottery, acquired almost as much turf fame by winning the Cups at Chester, &c., beating Longwaist, Autocrat, Dr. Faustus, Arachne, Urganda, Flexible, Paul Pry, Euxton, Cain, Miller of Mansfield, Susan, &c. &c.

Euphrates, one "of the old sort," winning capital races at thirteen years old, "*loaded* Mr. Mytton's sideboard with gold cups," having beat most of the best horses of his day, at long distances. Miss Forester, another four miler, famed for stoutness, winner also of about thirty prizes, beat Little-bo-peep, Little-boy-blue, Nimrod, Grenadier, &c. &c. Signorina, winner of fifteen prizes at three and four years old, of the same age with Memnon, (winner of the St. Leger, and the rival of his year to Longwaist,) with the difference for sex, beat him, and won the Manchester Gold Cup, May 1826. She also beat most of the best horses in 1825-6.

Grenadier beat Miller of Mansfield, Flexible, Orthodox, Granby, Mayfly, Chesterfield, &c. &c.

Euxton won the Buxton and Darlington Gold Cups, beating Cain, Signorina, Leviathan, (the latter giving him 3 lbs., beating him of the same age, at equal weights,) Euphrates, &c. &c.

To have beaten *such* horses, on equal terms, shows that the examples we have furnished were race-horses of high character in England. To do them justice, would occupy too much space. Those owning the Racing Calendars for 1824-5-6-7, can refer to them for the achievements of the horses herein mentioned.

A SUBSCRIBER.

* "*There's no mistake in us,*" in this month, at least. Mr. Bathgate's advertisement we had no right to alter, and it was published verbatim. However, in justice to him, we may as well remark that the advertisement in question was "set up" in type from a printed bill of the previous year, with a few slight alterations, and he probably overlooked the fact, that since his advertisement was penned, an addition of several winners of the St. Leger had been made to the racing stock of this County.—[*Editor.*

SOUTH CAROLINA JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

Feb. 18th, SECOND DAY, Purse $600, Three mile heats.

J. G. Guignard's ch. c. *Sir Kenneth*, by Crusader, d. Carolina, by Buzzard, 4 yrs. old, 102 lbs.
Col. Miller's s. m *Mattiwan*, by Crusader, g. d. by Rosicrusian, 4 yrs. old, 99 lbs.
Col. Richardson's r. c. *Sam Chifney*, by imported Mafty, dam by Vampire, 3 yrs. old, 90 lbs.
Col. Singleton's br. f. *Medora*, by Chateau Margaux, dam Medora, 3 yrs. old, 87 lbs.
J. G. Guignard's ch. g. *Clodhopper*, 3 yrs. old.

We are indebted to the Charleston Courier for the annexed particulars:—

The day was extremely unpleasant: the wind was strong from N. E., and bore every appearance of a coming snow storm. Of the five horses entered, but three came to the post. These were Dr. Guignard's Sir Kenneth, Col. E. Richardson's Sam Chifney, and Col. Miller's Mattiwan. For the pedigrees of these nags, see our paper of Wednesday last.

Chifney had the track, being the first at the post; Mattiwan was second, and Sir Kenneth outside. The start was a bad one for Mattiwan—the two horses took the lead of her about fifty yards. Chifney was the favorite at starting, and the field was given against him. He led the two first miles, Sir Kenneth trailing, and Mattiwan endeavoring to keep a place in the race. In the second mile, Sir Kenneth made a demonstration upon Sam Chifney, and then resumed his former position. In the last mile, Sir Kenneth determined upon play, and ran up with Sam Chifney, and passed him with much ease, and won the third mile and first heat—Mattiwan was well within the post. Time of the first heat, 6m. 1s.

After the usual time of rubbing, the three came to the post, and they went off in good style. The lead was taken by Sir Kenneth—Mattiwan made play from the go, and kept him busy for the first two miles. Sam Chifney was used up in the first heat, and was crow's meat in the second. Mattiwan played him far in the rear, and he was posted by Sir Kenneth, who won the heat and race with great ease. Time of this heat, 6m. 15s.

Feb. 19th, THIRD DAY, Purse $400, Two mile heats.

Col. E. Richardson's b. c. *Vertumnus*, by Eclipse, dam by Defiance.
J. G. Guignard's b. f. *Hebe*, by Gohanna, dam by Sir Charles, 3 yrs. old.
Col. Singleton's br. f. *Medora*, by Chateau Margeaux, dam Medora.
J. G. Winter's ch. m. *Sally Jenkins*, by Bernadotte, dam by Gallatin, 4 yrs old.

The day, which was very unpromising early in the morning, became more mild towards noon-day, and in the end, though somewhat too cold for the season, was not very unpleasant. There was a very full attendance of workies, a fair array of the *elite*, and no scant pattern of "*all the fair, the black, the brown*," upon the turf, who had assembled to witness the amusements of the day. It was after 12 o'clock before the note of preparation was sounded, and at about half-past 12, the field was brought to the post in the following order:—

1. Col. Singleton's *Medora*, the track.
2. Mr. Richardson's *Vertumnus*, second.
3. Mr. Winter's *Sally Jenkins*, third.
4. Mr. Guignard's *Hebe*, outside.

The start was very unfavorable for Medora, owing principally to the conduct of her manager, who held on to the bridle long after the tap of the drum. The forbearance of the judges with the groom of Sally Jenkins, was far too great: he started her twice without the word, and did not wait for the tap of the drum at the real start; but the sound followed so soon after he had let her go, that the matter was unnoticed by the judges. He must not offend again. Vertumnus, Sally Jenkins, and Hebe contended throughout for the heat, with apparently doubtful success. Medora had nothing more to do, on account of her unfavorable start, than to keep in the race for the next heat. After all was essayed, that Sally Jenkins would perform—after the repudiated cup-bearer of the gods, the unfortunate Hebe, had tried the influence of her roseate youth, upon the changeable Vertumnus—the heat was won by him, in despite of all gallantry, allowing Hebe to be second, Sally Jenkins third, and Medora last.

Time of first heat, 4m.

After the usual rubbing, and the preparatory note for mounting was sounded, all were again ready for the second heat. The start was now good, and Medora made play from the word go, taking the track at the start, and keeping it through the heat at a most killing pace. Vertumnus neither assumed the dress of a fisherman, a soldier, a peasant, a reaper, or an old woman—under which last metamorphosis, he won the heart of Pomona—but in the venerable character of a good courser, most perseveringly pressed Medora every inch of the ground. The heat was extremely interesting, and was run in the very short time of 3m. 50s. Vertumnus was second, Hebe third, and Sally Jenkins without the post.

The usual rubbing being over, the order to mount was sounded, and the horses appeared at the post in good condition, and were off in good order. This heat was a trying one—Medora was in too high condition at the start, yet she proved the value of her English blood, and sustained her position throughout the heat, beating Vertumnus about two lengths.

Time of third heat, 3m. 51s.

We were rejoiced to see the veteran of the turf, Col. Singleton, again successful on the Course where he has been so often victorious; and hope to see Medora in for the Citizen's Purse, in the new character of Pomona, on Tuesday next. She can measure strength with Lady Nashville, if not injured by yesterday's race. This day will be the race for the Handicap Purse, and good sport may be expected. We hope to see a gay and fashionable assemblage.

A Sweepstake, two miles and repeat, was then run for, and was won in two heats, by Mr. Rowe's Sally Hicks, beating Mr. John Singleton's Fitz James.

Sporting Miscellanies.

ANECDOTES OF JOHN MYTTON.

On retiring from the army, and settling on his splendid estate of Halston, the race-course, hunting, gaming, drinking, &c. were pursued with a wild and restless avidity, which in a better cause must have led to beneficial results. But as they were:—"He would sometimes strip to his shirt to follow wild-fowl in hard weather, and once actually laid himself down on the snow in his shirt only to wait their arrival at dusk. But Dame Nature took offence at this, and chastised him rather severely for his daring. On one occasion, however, he out-heroded Herod, for he followed some ducks *in puris naturalibus*—anglice, stark-naked—on the ice, and escaped with perfect impunity. * * * * *

"He had the stomach of an ostrich before it was debilitated by wine, and even against that it stood nearly proof to the last; but it appears he once met with his match—himself and a friend left London together with eighteen pounds of filbert-nuts in his carriage, and they devoured them all before they arrived at Halston. To use his own words, they sat up to their knees in nut-shells. But it was often alarming to witness the quantity of dry nuts he would eat, with the quantity of port wine which he would drink: and on my once telling him at his own table that the ill-assorted mixture caused the death of a school-fellow of mine, he carried a dish of filberts into the drawing-room with him, for the purpose of 'clearing decks,' as he said. Among other peculiarities, he never carried a pocket handkerchief, for he never had occasion to use one; he very rarely wore gloves, for his hands were never cold; and although he never wore a watch, he always knew the hour. * * * * * * *

"Some of his escapes, indeed border closely on the miraculous, but it would fill a volume were I to enumerate them. How often has he been run away with by horses, in gigs? How often struggling in deep water without being able to swim? How was it that he did not get torn to pieces in the countless street broils in which he was engaged; and lastly, how did he avoid being shot in a duel? The latter question is soon answered—*he never fought one.* In fact he was always considered somewhat of a man of license in society; and although no one doubted his standing fire, if called upon, it is my firm persuasion that nothing would have induced him to have aimed at a man to destroy him. In the saddle, too, he ran great risks for his life, not only by riding at apparently impracticable fences, with hounds, out in falling from his horse when intoxicated. For the former of these acts he was for so many years so notorious, that it was a common answer to the question—whether a certain sort of fence could be leaped, or whether any man would attempt?—*that it would do for Mytton.* He once actually galloped at full speed over a rabbit-warren to try whether or not his horse would fall, which of course he did, and rolled over him. This perfect contempt of danger was truly characteristic of himself; but, not content with the possession of it, he endeavored to impart it to his friends. As he was one day driving one of them in a gig, who expressed a strong regard for his neck, with a hint that he considered it in some danger, Mytton addressed him thus;—'Was you ever much hurt, then, by being upset in a gig?' 'No, thank God,' said his companion, 'for I never was upset in one.' 'What!' replied Mytton, '*never* upset in a gig? What a d—d slow fellow you must have have been all your life!' and, running his off-wheel up the bank, over they both went, fortunately without either being much injured. * * * * * * * *

"On one occasion he was told that the late George Underhill, the celebrated Shropshire horse-dealer, was in his house, on his way from Chester fair. Sending for him into his drawing room, he made him excessively drunk, and put him to bed with two bull-dogs and a bear!' He once rode his bear into his drawing room, in full hunting costume. The animal carried him very quietly for a certain time; but on being pricked by the spur he bit his rider through the calf of his leg, inflicting a severe wound.

* * * * * * * * *

"As we were eating supper one night in the coffee room of the hotel at Chester, during the race week, a gentleman, who was a stranger to us all, was standing with his back to the fire, talking very loudly, having drunk too much wine. 'I'll stop him,' said Mytton; and getting behind him unperceived, put a red hot coal into his coat pocket. * * * * * * *

"The worst feature in poor Mytton's disposition, and what might be termed the reigning error of his life, was, not only that he would not bow to reproof, much less kiss the rod, but he would suffer no man either to counsel or advise him. * * * * * * * *

"He always considered advice an impeachment of his understanding, generally exclaiming to those who offered it—'What the d—l is the use of my having a head on my shoulders, if I am obliged to make use of yours!'"

How well his own head answered its duty of counsellor may be gathered from the author's statement, that he had "a sort of destroying spirit, that appeared to run a muck at fortune. By a rough computation and a knowledge of the property he sold, I should set down the sum total expended at very little less than half a million sterling within the last fifteen years. Will it (he adds) be credited that he paid one bill of £1,000 to a London game dealer, for pheasants and foxes! ... alone. There was that about him which resembled the restlessness of the hyena; and whether in the pursuit of his pastimes, or the gratification of his passions, there was an unsteadiness throughout which evidently showed, that, beyond the excitement of the passing moment, nothing offered him sterling pleasure."

For Mytton, perhaps the best that can be said is, that he was insane—mad. If all men are to a certain degree so affected, his share was only powerfully large in proportion. And he assisted it cordially:—"The nearly constant state of intoxication which he was in, was, I could perceive, become somewhat insufferable to his oldest friends.... Many of his acts were not the acts of John Mytton, but of a man *mad, half by nature, half by wine*..... He shaved with a bottle of it on his toilet; he worked steadily at it throughout the day, by a glass or two at a time, and at least a bottle with his luncheon; and the after dinner and the *after supper* work—not leaving sight of it in the billiard-room completed the Herculean task.....Mr. Mytton and his friend sallied forth to a 'finish,' and somewhere about midnight returned again to the hotel, and now comes the climax. And this was the manner in which it was performed: 'D—n this hiccup,' said Mytton, as he stood undressed on the floor, apparently in the act of getting into bed; 'but I'll *frighten* it away;' so seizing a lighted candle, applied it to the tail of his shirt, which, being a cotton one, he was instantly enveloped in flames. Now, how was his life saved? is the next question that might be asked. Why, by the active exertions of his London customer, and of another stout and intrepid young man who was in the room, who jointly threw him down on the ground and tore his shirt from his body, piecemeal. 'Then, here comes again John Mytton! 'The hiccup is gone, by ——,' said he, and reeled, naked, into bed." This frolic nearly cost him his life, and he endured months of pain and peril from the condition in which the ineffectual flame had left him.

But we will have done with the pranks of this human paradox, and as

"To all an example, to no one a pattern."

show him at various periods of his career.

He was born to about ten thousand pounds a year, and on attaining his majority, had from sixty to a hundred thousand pounds in ready money.

On his estate "nothing need be better than the shooting at Halston was—every species of game having abounded, as the following facts will prove. The average *annual* slaughter was—twelve hundred brace of pheasants; from fifteen hundred to two thousand hares; partridges out of number! There was also a good deal of wild fowl, and very excellent fishing. Mr. Mytton also made a point of killing fifty brace of partridges the first day *with his own gun*; and I was once at Halston when he killed that number further on in the season. A neighboring gentleman had betted him fifty guineas against the performance; but paid forfeit over night. This, however, did not satisfy the squire. His fame as a shot was called in question, so he went forth with his keepers and performed the task in about six hours!

[From "Nimrod's" life of Mytton.

The other day, a maid-servant in the employ of a respectable family in the neighborhood of Barnsley, went into the room to her mistress, and told her that she wanted a shawl-pattern gown of hers, as she was going to a christening, and that if her mistress wanted another before she came back, there was one upstairs in her box, of a butterfly-pattern, which she might wear in the meantime.

[Preston Pilot.

A day with the Heithrop Hounds.

The rapid thaw enabling these hounds to meet at Longborough Gate on the 15th, a large field, in high spirits, assembled, in spite of the floods and swimming ditches. As the Withey-bed was under water, the hounds were taken to the Crowthornes, where a fox was speedily on foot, and went away, through Longborough Leys and the Ash Copse, to Frogmore Farm-house, leaving which to the left, he crossed the Evenlode, a choking brook, brim-full; through the Withey-bed, over Coldicott Farm, for the Fourshire-stone, as through Woolford Wood were his point; but disdaining that cover, or, more probably, recollecting the mischievous Warwickshire pack, he sheered off to the right, putting his best leg first for Brookend, where he was baulked of the shelter he evidently expected in a drain by finding them fresh staked—thanks to 'Squire Harbidge. Here a considerable check occurred, and it was not until the scent had become cold and indifferent that the line was hit off for Harcomb, and over the hill for Adlestrop, where, at length, it entirely died away. Up to Brookend the pace was "clipping" in the extreme, and the disasters by flood and field were not less comical. The meadows being partially flooded, the ditches were, of course, under water, and the pace being "too" good to admit of "soundings," the horses and their riders were to be seen sprawling in all directions! Those who had been down, and, of course, drenched, charged the Evenlode with the certainty of not being "wetter;" whilst those who had fortunately kept their seats had but "faint hopes" of a dry landing. Here were to be seen doughty riders and their steeds floundering about like porpoises; there, the gallant sailor, Captain Collier, of Canadian Lake fame, loved the element too much not to taste of its quality, and a mighty big swig of it he took, Pat would say; whilst Mr. Evans, of Dean, on his chesnut, "The Crack," found a Dean (query, den?) in "that same." Next, boasting of the brook-jumping powers of his nag, came the Lord of Ditchley, with a loose rein and a loose seat. Halt! said the steed, on the bank, and off went his master, head first, vanishing like a widgeon, to prove the poet's accuracy in—

"Dillon Lord, Dillon Lord!
You should still be a ward
Of Brougham, the Chancellor High;
More safe in a dungeon
Than suffered to plunge in
The Evenlode waters, so high."

A "fortunate few" alone got cleverly over, amongst whom were Jim Hill and his gallant master, Mr. Mostyn, who, however, immediately afterwards got pounded in the Withey-bed, a place which has but one entrance, and no other practicable exit. Of the rest of the field, two swam their horses through the ford, while the crowd scoured off for the turnpike, along which they raced for four miles, to the danger of all his Majesty's wayfaring subjects, and afterwards sought consolation in abusing the run, as the fox did the grapes. From the brook, the flea-bitten grey alone got away with the leading hounds, and at Brookend there was no other horse within a mile, illustrating another verse of the song—

"Then, hurrah! Fugleman,
You will still lead the van,
When, with 'heads up and tails down,' they race;
To the backbone you are game,
And you are EVER the same
When called on to go the 'best pace!'"

On Adlestrop Hill a fresh fox was found, which went away, with the hounds well at him, for Salford, taking over the brook, where ducking was again the order of the day, some having it to more than their hearts' content, who had previously escaped the Evenlode. From the brook, Jim Hill was alone with his hounds to Boulter's Barn, where the scent began to fail, and allowed the field to come up. Sarsden Wood was evidently the fox's point, but on the hill the cold and high wind dispersed the scent, and rendered all further hunting abortive. Thus ended a good day's sport, which afforded plenty of excitement, lots of laughter to the farmers on each side of the Evenlode, and abundant gratification to all those who had horses capable of following the hounds, and pluck enough to ride them.

[Bell's Life, Jan. 24.

REMARKABLE ESCAPE FROM A WILD ELEPHANT.

The beautiful stream called by the Caffres the Gualana, after leaving the village took its course through an extensive wood or jungle, and again made its appearance in an open meadow, running close under the high hills on one side of the valley for several hundred yards, when it again entered a long strip of jungle. In consequence of losing my way in the jungle, I could not overtake the hunters until they had driven the elephants from their first station.

On getting out of the wood I was proceeding through the meadow to a kloof, or ravine, where I heard the firing, when I was suddenly warned of approaching danger by loud cries of "Pas op," (look out,) coupled with my name in Dutch and English; and, at the same moment, heard the cracking of broken branches, produced by the elephants bursting through the wood, and their angry screams resounding among the precipitous banks of the river.

Immediately a large female, accompanied by three others of a smaller size, issued from the jungle which skirted the river margin. As they were not more than two hundred yards off, and were proceeding directly towards me, I had not much time to decide on my motions. Being alone, and in the middle of a little open plain, I saw that I must inevitably be caught should I fire in this position and my shot not take effect.

I therefore retreated hastily out of their direct path, thinking they would not observe me, until I should find a better opportunity to attack them. But in this I was mistaken; for, on looking back, I perceived, to my dismay, that they had left their former course, and were rapidly pursuing and gaining ground on me. Under these circumstances, I determined to reserve my fire as a last resource; and turning off at right angles in an opposite direction, I made for the banks of the small river, with the view to take refuge among the rocks on the other side, where I should have been safe.

Before I got within fifty yards of the river, the elephants were within twenty paces of me—the large female in the middle, and the other three on either side of her, apparently with the intention of making sure of me; all of them screaming so tremendously, that I was almost stunned by the noise. I immediately turned round, cocked my gun, and aimed at the head of the largest—the female. But the gun, unfortunately, from the powder being damp, hung fire till I was in the act of taking it from my shoulder, when it went off, and the ball merely grazed the side of her head.

Halting only for an instant, the animal again rushed furiously forward. I fell—I cannot say whether struck down by her trunk or not. She then made a thrust at me with her tusk. Fortunately for me she had only one, which, still more luckily, missed its mark. Seizing me with her trunk by the middle, she threw me beneath her fore-feet, and knocked me about between them for a little space; I was scarcely in a condition to compute the time very accurately, but, judging from my feelings, it appeared an intolerably long one, and I had great reason to complain of the "leaden-footed" minutes, which seemed to be hours in my uncomfortable situation.

Once she pressed her foot on my chest with such force that I felt the bones bending under the weight; and then she trod on the middle of my arm, which fortunately lay flat on the ground at the time. *During this rough handling, however, I never entirely lost my recollection, else I have little doubt she would have settled my accounts with this world; but, owing to the roundness of her foot, I generlaly managed, by twisting my body and limbs, to escape her direct tread.*

While I was still undergoing this buffeting, Lieutenant Chisholm, of the Royal African Corps, and Diedrick, a Hottentot, fired several shots at her from the side of a neighboring hill, one of which hit her in the shoulder; and at the same time her companions retiring and screaming to her from the edge of the forest, she reluctantly left me, giving me a cuff or two with her hind feet in passing. I rose, picked up my gun, and staggered away as fast as my aching bones would allow me; but, observing that she turned round, as if meditating a second attempt on my life before entering the bush, I lay down in the long grass, by which means I escaped her observation.

On reaching the top of the hill I met my brother, who had not been at this day's hunt, but had ran out on being told by one of the men, "Sir, I saw somebody killed by the elephant just now; I don't know whether it was your brother or Mr. Chisholm; but killed he was, for I saw his brains." He afterwards heard from others whom he met on the way that I was the unlucky person, and was of course not a little surprised at seeing me with whole bones, though plastered with mud from head to foot. My face was a little scratched, indeed, by the elephant's feet, which were none of the smoothest; my ribs ached, and my right arm was blackened with the squeeze of it; but these were trifling injuries considering the ordeal I had gone through.

While my brother and I were yet talking of the adventure, an unlucky soldier of the Royal African Corps, of the name of M'Clare, attracted the attention of a large male elephant. The ferocious animal, which, like that I had just escaped from, had been infuriated by the numerous wounds he had received, instantly gave chase, and caught him under the height where he was standing—carried him some distance in his trunk—then threw him down, and bringing his fore-feet together, trod and stamped upon him for a considerable time, till life was extinct. Leaving the body for a while, he again returned, as if to make quite sure of his destruction, and, kneeling down, crushed and kneaded the body with his fore-legs. Then, seizing it again with his trunk, he carried it to the edge of the jungle, and threw it upon the top of a high bush. While this tragedy was going on, my brother and I scrambled down the rocky hill and fired at the furious animal: but we were at too great a distance to be of any service to the unfortunate man.

On the present occasion, the hunters derived some security from their numbers, for, as soon as the elephant gave them chase, they retreated as fast as their legs would carry them up the side of the hills, and the animal, seemingly puzzled which to wreak his vengeance on, after pursuing them for two or three hundred yards, would stop short, and return to the wood for security. Woe betide the luckless wight who lags too far behind the rest! It happened thus to the poor fellow whose fate I have recorded. Getting tired of the sport, he gave his firelock to another of the party, with the intention of returning to the village, just at the moment when the male elephant was making a charge on his pursuers. Instead

of following the others in their flight, he turned in the opposite direction, and, being without his coat and waistcoat, his white shirt immediately attracted the animal's attention, when he was about to retreat to the wood, and he caught him as I have related.

Shortly after this catastrophe, a shot from one of the people broke this male elephant's left fore-leg, which completely disabled him from running. On this occasion, we witnessed a touching instance of affection and sagacity which deserves to be related, as it so well illustrates the character of this noble animal.* Seeing the distress of her mate, the female from which I so narrowly escaped, regardless of her own danger, quitting her shelter in the wood, rushed out to his assistance, walked round and round him, chasing away the assailants, and still returning to his side and caressing him. Whenever he attempted to walk, she placed her flank or her shoulder to his wounded side, and supported him. This scene continued nearly half an hour, until the female received a severe wound from Mr. C. Mackenzie, of the Royal African Corps, which drove her again to the bush, where she speedily sank exhausted from the loss of blood; and the male soon afterwards received a mortal wound from the same officer.

[Lieut. Moody's Wild Sports of South Africa.

* We are told by another recent traveller, that the Caffres, while engaged in a conflict with the elephant, always keep addressing him as 'Mighty Lord,' 'High Chief,' 'Illustrious Noble,' and so forth;—and that, when one is slain, none of the Caffre chiefs partake in the banquet of elephant steaks, because the animal is considered as of their own rank.

NIMROD'S DOG LANGUAGE.—Under the sub-head "*Dog Language,*" Mr. Apperley introduces "*holloa, holloas;*" why did he not give us the interpretation of these harshly-sounding words, unknown, beyond all question, in the language of the chase: there are no such terms in the huntsman's vocabulary—but it contains various *halloos.* The English halloo is derived from a similar term used by French sportsmen in wolf-hunting—"*au-Loup!*" (to wolf!) the sound of which, as every one acquainted with the French language will instantly recognise, is precisely similar. It will be necessary here to remark, that though the language of the chase, or rather the language used to hounds, is comprised under the general denomination of *halloo;* yet the word itself—that is, halloo—is made use of in scarcely any other instance than when a hare starts before greyhounds: on this occasion, a cry of *Halloo! halloo!* is raised by the sportsmen, in order to induce the sportsmen to look out for the game, and to pursue it. As to the language of huntsmen to their hounds, though, as before observed, it is comprehended under the general term *halloo,* yet it is branched out into a variety of sounds, all of which are of course understood by the hounds. It seldom happens, indeed, that two huntsmen have precisely the same tone; which, however, is of no consequence, so long as the meaning is understood, or correctly interpreted, by the hounds. It is frequently difficult, in the general halloo of huntsmen, to discover any definite word; but the corruption of a well-defined expression may be mostly heard: *Yoic* is the word—or halloo—from which many of the corruptions may be traced. *Here, boy!* is also tortured into a variety of *forms;* and, indeed, so many of these ill-defined deviations present themselves, that it is not possible to image them to the mind, by any form of words on paper. At the same time, it may be justly remarked, that some of the terms—halloos—seem to admit of no deviation, as *Tallyho,* and *Whoo-whoop;* the former of which appears to have been derived from the French *au tailli,* to cover, though it is used in a sense somewbat different by English sportsmen. *Tallyho* is a term for a fox breaking cover, or going away, and indeed uttered every time he is viewed. *Whoo-whoop* is used at the death halloo. *Whoo-whoop* is most likely derived from the same language as *tallyho;* and it is highly probable, that nearly, if not all, our terms of the chase spring from the same source, and were originally introduced by the Normans. [The Sportsman.

SOUTH AFRICAN HUNTING SONG.

MOUNT—mount for the hunting—with musket and spear!
Call our friends to the field, for the Lion is near!
Call Arend and Ekhard and Groepe to the spoor;
Call Muller and Coetzer and Lucas Van Tuur.

Ride up Eildon-Clugh, and blow loudly the bugle:
Call Slinger and Allie and Dikkop and Dugal;
And George with the elephant-gun on his shoulder—
In a perilous pinch none is better or bolder.

In the gorge of the glen lie the bones of my steed,
And the hoofs of a heifer of fatherland's breed;
But mount, my brave boys! if our rifles prove true,
We'll soon make the spoiler his ravages rue.

Ho! the Hottentot lads have discovered the track—
To his den in the desert we'll follow him back;
But tighten your girths, and look well to your flints,
For heavy and fresh are the villain's foot-prints.

Through the rough rocky kloof into grey Huntley-Glen,
Past the wild olive-clump where the wolf has his den,
By the black eagle's rock at the foot of the fell,
We have tracked him at length to the buffalo's well.

"Now mark yonder brake where the blood-hounds are howling;
And hark that hoarse sound—like the deep thunder growling;
'Tis his lair—'tis his voice!—from your saddles alight;
He's at bay in the brushwood, preparing for fight.

Leave the horses behind—and be still every man;
Let the Mullers and Rennies advance in the van:
Keep fast in your ranks;—by the yell of yon hound,
The savage, I guess, will be out with a bound.

He comes! the tall jungle before him loud crashing,
His mane bristled fiercely, his fiery eyes flashing;
With a roar of disdain, he leaps forth in his wrath,
To challenge the foe that dare 'leaguer his path.

He couches—ay now we'll see mischief, I dread:
Quick—level your rifles—and aim at his head:
Thrust forward the spears, and unsheath every knife—
St. George! he's upon us!—Now fire, lads, for life!

He's wounded—but yet he'll draw blood ere he falls—
Hah! under his paw see Bezuidenhout sprawls—
Now, Diederik! Christian! right in the brain
Plant each man his bullet—Hurra! he is slain!

Bezuidenhout—up, man!—'tis only a scratch—
(You were always a scamp, and have met with your match!)
What a glorious lion!—what sinews—what claws—
And seven-feet-ten from the rump to the jaws!

His hide, with the paws and the bones of his skull,
With the spoils of the leopard and the buffalo bull,
We'll send to Sir Walter.—Now, boys, let us dine,
And talk of our deeds o'er a flask of old wine.

MADRID, JAN. 8.—The members of the diplomatic corps of this Court had, on Tuesday last, an opportunity of enjoying the rare sport of a mountain wolf hunt. A party, consisting of Mr. Villiers, the British Minister, of the Count Lalaing, and M. Dal Borgo, Charges d'Affaires from Belgium and Denmark, the Marquis of Bassano, and M. Alphonse de Rayneval, Secretaries to the French Embassy. Mr. Southern, Secretary to the British Legation, and several other distinguished persons, went to the ridge near the sources of the Manzanares, five leagues distant. The inhabitants of seven villages, glad of an opportunity, of which they had during years been debarred, to attack those quadruped enemies, assembled in great numbers at break of day, and with the highest glee commenced a *battu.* Hundreds of wild animals were soon driven into the defiles, where the sportsmen awaited them. The slaughter of those four-footed *facciosos* was tremendous: nine of the largest wolves were killed. The long-repeated shouts, the echoes from the ravines, the rugged Sierra scenery, the rejoicings of 1,500 persons, the mountain air, that wakens man into a new existence, would afford a source of long description. After the fatigue, the party sat down on a green hillock, on a sunny winter's day, to a collation, where mirth, and laughter, and eager recital of feats went round. A long cavalcade then proceeded to Colmenar Viejo, in the neighborhood of which village the most terrible bulls for the fights in Madrid are reared. Each man bore a trophy of the sports of the day; which then closed, leaving the moon at the full to guide the horsemen back to Madrid.

FEMALE SAILORS.—A correspondent writes us: Having seen lately in the public papers an account of a female sailor serving on board a man-of-war, it may be interesting to your readers to learn that three females served and *fought* on board the Victory, in Lord Rodney's engagement with the French. They were discovered after the battle to be females, and were sent on shore at Lisbon, where they were clothed at the expense of the British factory there, to which Mr. Turner, formerly of this city, was then the treasurer. A collection was made for them, which amounted to about 25 moidores. They were afterwards sent to Falmouth by one of the packets, and brought to their homes in this city. They belonged to the parish of St. Edmund, on the Bridge. One of them was blind of an eye—a very stout, lusty woman; the others were short, but stout. They had served at the guns most valiantly during the whole of the engagement, and had not received any injury. [Western Luminary.

A TIDY DAY'S DRIVE.—Thomas Sanders, a knight of the whip, in this town, drove his coach from Kendal to Preston the other day and back again, being a distance of 176 miles performed within the twenty-four hours. Perhaps this may not exactly parallel the feats of Captain Barclay in the same line, but it is considered by the knowing ones a sufficiently "tidy" day's drive to be not unworthy of Record. [Kendal Mercury.

BAREFOOT,

THE ONLY HORSE IN AMERICA that has ever won the Great St. Leger. The imported horse BAREFOOT will stand for mares the ensuing season, at the stable of the subscriber, near the Union Race Course, Long Island, at the following terms:—

Full-blooded Mares . . . . . $50 the season; and $1 for the groom
All other Mares . . . . . $25 the season.

The Money to be paid when the mares are taken away, with the expense of keeping; or on or before the 15th July next. The season to commence on the 1st of March next, and terminate on the 15th July, 1836.

This fine horse was foaled the property of Mr. Watt, in England, in the year 1820, and afterwards was sold to Lord Darlington, who disposed of him to Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin, Bart.; who sent him out for the benefit of his native country at large. On the English Turf, BAREFOOT proved himself one of the most successful racers of his day; having beaten nearly, if not all, the best runners in England, as will be seen by the following statement of his performances, as well as by reference to the Sporting Annals for the years 1823 to '26 inclusive.

Doncaster Meeting, September, 1823.—Monday, Sept. 15, the St. Leger Stakes of 25 guineas each, for three-year old colts, 8st. 2lb. (114 lb.) Fillies, 8st. (112 lb.) 84 subscribers. 1. Mr. Watt's ch. c. Barefoot, by Tramp, out of Rosamond, Goodison. 2. Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Sherwood, by Filho da Puta, Scott. 3. Mr. Riddell's b. c. Comte d'Artois, R. Johnson. The following also started but were not placed.—Mr. Peirse's br. c. by Comus out of Rosanne; Lord Surrey's br. f. Etiquette, by Orville; Mr. West's ch. c. Claude Lorraine by Rubens, Mr. Roger's b. c. Tancred, brother to Pacha, by Selim; Sir M. W. Ridley's br. c Ringlet, by Whisker; Lord Kelburn's ch. c. Caledonian, by Stamford; Mr. Hunter's br. c. by Orville out of L'Huile de Venus; Sir T. Mostyn's b. f. Mercandotti, by Muley; and Mr. Furguson's ch. c. North Star, by Octavian. *Note*—Sherwood, Tinker, the Rosanne colt, Barefoot, Columbus, Comte d'Artois, Tancred, Mr. Uppleby's colt by Proselyte, Polly, the Lisette filley, North Star, Hydra, Meltonian, Berezina, Palais Royale, Brilliante, Ringlet, Plumber, Rhubarb, Isabella, Brighton, Honest John, and L'Huile de Venus' colt, went off without being started by the clerk of the course, leaving at the post Caledonia, Mercandotti, Claude Lorraine, and Etiquette, when the Rosanne colt came in first, Barefoot second, and Comte d'Artois third. This was decided by the Stewards and gentlemen appointed from the Club to be a false start, and the race was afterwards run as above. *False Start*—Sherwood made very severe play, and kept the lead up to the Red House, when he was headed by Comte D'Artois, and some very severe running then took place between the Comte, Barefoot, and Rosanne, the latter winning by only a head. Tinker was beat early, and Barefoot was shut out in running. Run in 3 minutes, and 22 seconds. *The Start,*—The Comte here made severe play, until about two distances from home, when Barefoot came along side of him, and won very easy by two lengths. Run in 3 minutes 23 1-4 seconds. See page 69 of English Racing Calendar, attached to vol. 12 of the English Sporting Magazine, for 1823, and also Annals of Sporting for 1823, vol. 4, p. 348. It is also worthy of note, that the St. Leger Course in 1823, was 1 mile, 6 furlongs, and 175 yards, it has since been curtailed 43 yards, leaving it of latter years only 1 mile, 6 furlongs and 132 yards, precisely 308 yards short of 2 miles, which, although run last year in 3 min. 23 secs., yet Barefoot in 1823, went 43 yards further in the same time, and repeated the distance with only the addition of 1-4 of a second. Moreover, in the first race, ordered to be run over, in consequence of being adjudged a false start; Barefoot although shut out, that is hemmed in on all sides by the crowd of horses, so as to obstruct him, nevertheless, lost by only a head! And in the second trial won easy by two lengths. Here then his success did not depend upon any fortuitous circumstance! he proved himself by repetition, decidedly the best Horse, of a large lot of good ones, and is in justice entitled to credit, for that which no horse in America can show a claim,—running 1 mile, 6 furlongs, and 175 yards, (nearly 265 yards short of two miles,) when 3 years old, with 114lbs. upon his back, in 3min. 23 secs, and repeating in 3m, 23 1-4 secs.

In corroboration of what is here said, will be found in the Annals of Sporting, vol. 4, page 344—"at length the St. Leger of 1823 is decided, and *Barefoot,* after running the race twice, is declared the victor, thus proving the old adage, that public running is the sure and safest criterion to back a horse."

HIS PEDIGREE is as follows, and equal to that of any other horse:—he was got by *Tramp,* out of *Rosamond,* by *Buzzard;* her dam, *Rosebury,* sister to *Huby,* by *Phenomenon;* her dam, *Miss West;* by *Matchem—Regulus—Crab—Childers—Basto. Tramp* was got by *Dick Andrews,* out of a *Gohanna Mare;* her dam, *Flasinella,* by *Trentham—Woodpecker; Everlasting,* by *Eclipse. Dick Andrews* was got by *Joe Andrews,* out of a *Highflyer Mare;* her dam, by *Cardinal Puff—Tatler—Snap—Godolphin Arabian. Joe Andrews* was got by *Eclipse,* out of *Amaranda,* by *Omnium;* her dam, *Cloudy,* by *Blank—Crab—Partner,* &c.

PERFORMANCES.—At the York Spring Meeting, 1822, he run second to Miss Fanny, in a sweepstakes of 30gs. each for two year olds, for which eight started, and three only were placed. In September 1822, (then only two years old,) he won a sweepstake of 20gs. each, 11 subscribers, at Pontefract, carrying 8st. 3lb. (115lb.) beating Bourdeaux and 4 others very easy. BAREFOOT, at the Spring Meeting at York, May 1823, at three years old, St. Leger Stakes, 1 mile 3 quarters, 8st. 3lb. (115lb.) beating Sir Anthony and Harpooner. Time, 3min. 15sec. or 1min. 51sec. per mile.

1823—At the August Meeting at York, won a sweepstakes, 17 subscribers, 8st. 5lb. (117lb.) 1 mile and a quarter. Time 2 min. 22 sec. or 1min. 52sec. per mile, beating Richardson's B. C. by Filho da Puta—Nitrogen—Isabella, and one other. At Ponterfact, Sept. 2, won a sweepstakes, 10 subscribers, 1 mile 3 quarters, 8st. 3lb. (115lb.) beating Palatine. Won very easy. At Doncaster, September Meeting, he won the great St. Leger Stakes, for three year old colts, 83 subscribers, 8st. 2lb. (114lb.) distance. Time 3min. 23 1-4sec. beating Sherwood —Comte D'Artrois—Comus—Etiquette—Claude Lorraine—Tancred—Ringlet—North Star —Mercandotti—Ganymede—Caledodian—and 11 others. Compte D'Artois took the lead at starting, and made severe running, till near the distance post, when Barefoot came up, passed him, and won by two lengths. After winning the Doncaster Great St. Leger, he was purchased by Lord Darlington, (now Marquis of Cleaveland,) for 3000gs. was carried by him to New-Market, where he challenged Colonel Udney's celebrated Horse Emelins, (the recent winner of all the great stakes and since the sire of Priam, Plenipo, Sarpedon, and others,) for 2000 guineas, which was not accepted. At Newmarket, Houghton meeting, in October, he won the handicap plate, 50l., distance 1 mile 1 quarter and 24 yards, 8st. 10lb (122lb.) beating Tressilian, Van Loo, Aaron, Nicoli, Mina, and Mr. Williamson's Partizan Colt. Won easy,—Thus winning every race for which he started, for that year, and beating the best horses on the Turf.

1824—At four years old, June meeting, at Ascot Heath, he started for the Gold Cup, value 100sovs. against Bizarre, carrying 8st. 2lb. (114lb.) 2 miles and a half, 7 subscribers, and was beaten, after a well-contested race. At the same place he won the Swinley stakes, 3 subscribers, mile and a half, by walking over, no horse appearing to contend with him. At Doncaster, September meeting, on Monday, he started for the King's plate, 4 miles, 10st. 7lb. (147lb.)—Time, 8min. 18sec., and the favorite at starting; but was beaten by Arrogance and Bordeaux, coming in third, and beating Bugle. At the same meeting, the Wednesday following, he started for a sweepstakes, 5 subscribers, St. Leger Course, carrying 8st. 7lb. (119lb.) and beaten by Lottery, the best horse of his day, carrying 8st. 3lb. (115lb.) The time of running 3m. 30sec. The above is the only time of starting in 1824.

1825—At Lancaster, in June, then 5 years old, he won the Gold Cup, value 100gs. added to a sweepstakes of 10gs. each, 17 subscribers, 3 miles, 8st. 8lb., (120lb.) time not given; beating Lottery, [above mentioned, 5 years old, same weight,] Young Corrector, 5 years old, Panthea, 4 years old, carrying 7st. 11lb. (109lb.); an excellent contested race. At Derby, in July, the same year, he started for the Gold Cup, 15 subscribers, of 10 guineas each, 3 miles, 8st. 12lb. (124lb.) and was beaten by Sir Grey and Canteen, both 4 years old, and carrying 8st. 2lb. (114lb.) and beating Sligo, 4 years old, carrying 114lb.: an excellent race. At Wolverhampton, in August, he started for the Darlington Cup, added to a sweepstakes of 13 subscribers, 10sovs. each, 3 miles, 8st. 10lb. (124 lb.) beating Gen. Mina, 5 years old, same weight, and Sir Grey, 4 4 years old, 8st. 2lb. (114lb.) the same horse that beat him at Derby, as above stated. At Northalerton, Yorkshire, in October, he started for the Gold Cup, value 100gs. with a sweepstake added, 11 subscribers, 10gs. each, 2 miles, 8st. 9lb. (121 lb.) against The Alderman, 3 years old, 6st. 10lb. (94lb.) and was beaten only by a neck, notwithstanding the great difference of weight. It may be remarked that The Alderman has proved himself to be one of the best horses of his day. The above are all Barefoot's races of the year 1825.

1826—At the Manchester meeting, May 17th, Barefoot won the Free Handicap Stakes, of 30sovs. each, 2 miles and a distance, he carrying 9st. (126lb.) beating Miller of Mansfield, 8st. 4lb. (116lb.) and Lord Grosvenor's Hybia, 5 years, 7st. 12lb. (110lb.): a good race, 5 to 4 on Barefoot. At Lancaster, July 21, he won the Gold Cup, value 100gs., added to a sweepstakes of 10gs. each, 3 subscribers, carrying 8st. 12lb. (124lb.) 3 miles, beating Crowcatcher, 4 years old, 112lb. and Sophy, by Comus, 4 yrs, 109lb. The above comprise all the races of Barefoot.

BAREFOOT is a remarkably beautiful horse, a bright chesnut, 15 1-2 hands high, very fine in his forehand, muscular, and well-proportioned in all respects, very active, of a high spirit, and at the same time of a good temper. The breeders of horses are respectfully invited to call and examine this horse.

JOHN R. SNEDEKER.
feb 20 Union Hotel, Long Island.

THOROUGH-BRED HORSES FOR SALE.

THE following thorough-bred horses, belonging to the estate of the late BELA BADGER, of of Bucks county, Pennsylvania, are offered for sale, viz:—

JOHN RICHARDS, VALENTINE (imported,)
FLYING DUTCHMAN, CHENEY,
PRIAM.

The four first-named horses are at General John Faulkner, Gerrard county, Kentucky.—*Priam* is in Preble county, Ohio.

The terms of payment (good security being given) will be made easy to purchasers.

Proposals, if directed to Samuel Badger, Executor to the estate, Philadelphia, or to Joseph H. Hellings, care of General Faulkner, Lancaster, Gerrard county, Kentucky, will meet with prompt attention. feb 13-6w

IMPORTED HORSE VICTORY.

THIS valuable high-bred Race-horse is offered for sale on reasonable terms. He is a dark bay, without any white marks; was bred by the Duke of Rutland, and foaled in 1825.—He was got by Waterloo, a stallion in the Royal Stud at Hampton Court, a capital performer, and son of the celebrated horse Walton, out of Penelope, the dam of Whalebone, Whisker, Woful, &c. *Victory's* dam, Adeline, was got by Soothsayer, son of Sorcerer, out of Golden Locks, by Delpini. His grandam Elizabeth, by Orville; great-grandam Penny Trumpet, by Trumpeter; great-great-grandam Young Camilla, by Woodpecker; great-great-great-grandam Camilla, by Trentham. Victory is a very strong-made horse, of great substance, standing upon short legs, with more bone than is generally to be met with in the race horse, and admirably adapted to cross with high-made mares, at present too prevalent in the Southern States. He is 15 hands 3 inches high, with good points and fine action; has proved himself a sure foal-getter, and his colts, (some of which may be seen at the residence of James Bathgate, Esq., West Farms, Westchester county, 12 miles easterly from the city of New-York, near the Boston post-road, where the horse at present is,) in point of size and appearance, are surpassed by none. He has been a good racer: he appeared on the turf 27 times, in competition with some of the best horses in Europe, *winning eleven times,* two of which were King's Plates, with very high weights; *walked over twice,* and *ereceived forfeit once;* in seven of the races in which he was beat, he ran second. More particular information may be had by application to C. R. COLDEN, Editor of the Sporting Magazine, No. 106 Spring-street, or of the subscriber, No. 17 Sixth-avenue, New-York.

☞ If VICTORY is not sold previous to the commencement of the season, he will stand for mares in the neighborhood where he is at present.

feb 20-tf WILLIAM JACKSON.

MR. W. LOCKWOOD,

MINIATURE PAINTER, No. 2, COURTLANDT-STREET, New-York. eb 27

AMERICAN MUSEUM.

GRAND EXHIBITION OF HANNINGTON'S MOVING DIORAMAS will continue every evening, commencing at half past 7 o'clock—in the following order:—

Grand Dioramic Scene 1—Being an Allegorical Representation of the Treaty of Ghent, 1814, and Triumph of America!

The exhibition opens with a view of a highly scenic country, picturesque in the extreme. Immediately in front of the audience, in the foreground, is an Obelisk, erected to the glory of American heroes of the last war. The most elevated figure on this column is fame, represented with a trumpet, proclaiming the memorable deeds, where, and by whom achieved, which History is in the act, at the same time, of recording.

The moving figures of the Diorama commence in front, by the passing of a number of boats, in which much skill and time is observed by the oarsmen, after which, is to be seen America, drawn in a splendid car, by four white horses, bearing the flag of the United States, followed by Victory, ready to crown her with laurels, proceeding to the Temple of Peace, through a triumphal arch, with a numerous retinue. A young female precedes the car of America, strewing the path with flowers, while another, with a child in her arms, has kindled the incense, and a third is singing triumphant hymns.

In the train, following America, in a grand procession, are seen bands of Musicians, Victors, Prisoners of War, and numerous troops of Cavalry and Infantry, many of them carrying trophies. The whole spectacle is represented in the style and costume of the ancient Romans, and the admiring spectator will observe with delight the motion of men and horses, as natural as life, keeping time with the powerful martial music.

Grand Dioramic Scene 2.—Moonlight—Sea View—Storm and Shipwreck.

Grand Dioramic Scene 3.—Conflagration of Moscow.—This Diorama is divided into a Day and Night Scene.

Also, still exhibiting the celebrated Statuary of Tam O'Shanter, Souter Johnny, and the Landlord and Landlady.

The Grand Cosmorama is the most splendid exhibition of the kind known.

Professor at the Piano, Mr. S. Bassford.

☞ Admittance to the whole, 25 cents—Children under 12 years, when accompanied by their parents or guardians, 12 1-2 cents. feb. 27.

PEALE'S MUSEUM.

GREAT ATTRACTION! for a short time, at PEALE'S MUSEUM, Broadway, opposite the City Hall. Every evening the performance will commence at half past 7 o'clock, with a pleasing and entertaining Exhibition of

FANTOCCINI, or Mechanical Theatre of AUTOMATON FIGURES.—They perform the most curious and surprising feats of agility, and difficult movements of the human body, with great accuracy—all accomplished by mechanical means. They keep time with music, and have all the appearance of living beings. The following figures are occasionally diversified with others. These are the same figures that performed at Vauxhall Gardens, London, with great applause.

1. Girl, that pronounces the words Mamma and Pappa. 2. Clown, that pronounces the French words Oh La, La, moving his eyes, mouth, &c. 3. Slack Rope Dancer, performing a great variety of difficult motions. 4. Indian Juggler, that throws golden balls with surprising dexterity and skill. 5. Chair Balancer, who performs many curious feats with two chairs.—6. Pat with his Shilalah, just arrived. 7. Ben, the Sailor, who dances a hornpipe, takes off his hat, &c. 8. Wreath Dance, by a young lady and gentleman. 9. Mr. Frog and his Son, who perform a most extraordinary Dance. 10. Joe Grimaldi the Clown, whose curious grimaces and figure, never fails to gratify. He encounters the attack of a Dog, &c. 11. Mrs. Shipton smokes her pipe with all the good humor and grace imaginable. 12. A long and a strong pull, performed by an old Hog and several Boys. 13. Turk, who is transmogrified into six Judges, &c. &c.

MAJOR STEVENS, the American Dwarf.

☞ Prepared Birds and Bird Skins, kept constantly on hand, and for sale.

Admittance 25 cts. Children half price. feb 27.

SWEEPSTAKES, to be run on the EAGLE COURSE, TRENTON.

FIRST SPRING MEETING, 19th of April, 1836.—FIRST DAY.—For three-year-old Colts and Fillies, mile heats, $200 subscription, $50 forfeit, and $200 added by the Club; closed 1st of January; 12 subscribers.

1. J. Holmes Van Mater " *Chestnut Colt,* by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Oscar.
2. Samuel Laird " *Molly,* c. f. by Henry, out of Modesty.
3. B. B. Seaman " *Dusty-foot,* c. by Barefoot, dam by Sir Solomon.
4. Philip Wallis " *Molinera,* f. by Medley, out of Algerina.
5. H. Wilkes " *Chestnut Colt,* by Henry, out of Saluda.
6. J. Holmes Van Mater " *Black Colt,* by Valentine, out of Honesty.
7. J. C. Stevens " *Funti,* c. f. by Henry, out of Jeannettee.
8. Daniel Abbott " *Jane,* f. by Mark Richards, dam by Expedition.
9. David Toms " *Julia Montgomery,* by Eclipse, dam by Ratler.
10. H. A. Coenhoven " *Brown Colt,* by Henry, out of Meg Dodds.
11. H. A. Coenhoven " *Bay Colt,* by Mermon, out of Zarina.
12. Jacob Vandyke " *Grey Filley,* by Medley, out of Rosalinda.

SECOND DAY.—For three-year-old Colts and Fillies, *two miles out,* $50 subscription, p. p. 150 dollars, added by the Club. To name and close on the first of April. Four or more to make a race.

SWEEPSTAKES, to be run at the Second Meeting on the Eagle Course, June 7th, 1836.

FIRST DAY.—Two-mile heats, $300 subscription, h. f., $300 added by the Club. Four or more to make a race. To name and close on the first of April.

LAST DAY.—A Post-stake, four-mile heats, $500 subscription, h. f., and $1000 added by the Club. Four or more to make a race. To close on the first of April.

There having been a very general expression by Turfmen of their preferences for the short distances, as adopted at New-York and at the South, the proprietor, in accordance with their wishes, will hereafter be governed by the same upon the Eagle Course. The weights, being the same as on Long Island, will remain so. O. BAILEY.

Trenton, January 26, 1836.

FOR SALE,

THE FULL-BLOODED HORSE *NIAGARA,* bred at Bosoris, by Walter Livingston, Esq. *Niagara* was got by *Eclipse,* out of *Young Romp*—Young Romp by Duroc, out of Old Romp, full-sister to Miller's Damsel, and got by imported Messenger out of Constable's imp. Pot-8-os mare. Niagara's dam, Young Romp, is also the dam of *Camilla* and *Borodino,* both winners.

Niagara has started but four times, and won three out of those four races, viz:—In the Spring of 1833, a sweepstakes for three-year olds, mile heats, over the Union Course, $500 entrance, half forfeit, seven subscribers. In the Fall of 1833, over the Union Course, he won the sweepstakes for three-year olds, $400 entrance, four miles out, beating Colonel Johnson's *Cadet.* In the Spring of 1834, he won the three-mile purse at Poughkeepsie. In the same Spring, (1834,) he started, entirely out of condition, for the three-mile purse over the Union Course, and was drawn after the first heat. This is the only heat he ever lost. For these races, see Skinner's "American Turf Register."

In the Fall of 1834, he was badly lamed in the shoulder, and has never started since.

Niagara is a beautiful blood-bay, without spot or blemish of any kind, with black legs, mane and tail; he is about fifteen and a half hands high—an uncommonly deep-chested, muscular, powerful horse, and one of the handsomest stallions of the Northern country. It will be seen from his pecigree that he is a bred-in horse, and of the purest stock, having no blood in his veins that differs from that of his sire, American Eclipse. He would be a valuable acquisition to any part of the country, where well-bred horses, with the strength and power of the Eclipse stock, are wanted for the Turf, Saddle, or Harness.

He may be seen at my stables on Long Island. Should any other or more particular information be required, it may be had by applying to me, at No. 14 Barclay-street, New-York.

feb 13 JOHN C. STEVENS.

THE CELEBRATED HORSE HENRY,

COMPETITOR OF ECLIPSE, will stand the ensuing season at the stable of the subscriber, Union Race Course, Long Island. *Terms,* $75 the season.

jan 23 JOHN DREW.

TO THE PUBLIC.

THE SUBSCRIBER respectfully tenders his thanks to the patrons of his *Veterinary Establishment,* for their past and kind favors, and feels extreme pleasure as well as gratitude thus publicly to acknowledge it. It is seldom that he uses the advertising columns of a public journal as a means of applying to the Public for patronage and support, which is ostentaticusly practised by many of the present day. But at the suggestion of his friends, that those who do not know him may have the opportunity of doing so, he takes the advantage of the present occasion to inform them, that his INFIRMARY, No. 36 *City Hall Place,* N. Y., is always open for the reception and cure of diseased horses, where every attention which it is in his power to bestow, will be cheerfully and assiduously given. It would be unnecessary and vain, if after more than 15 years practice in the United States, and several previous years experience as a Veterinary Surgeon in England, he would say aught in favor of his professional ability. To that portion of the public whom he has had the gratification of serving in that capacity, he appeals to for character and capability in the line of his profession. To those who may do him the favor of calling upon him in the above line, he will be particular in bestowing every attendance and care. Attached to his Infirmary is an extensive Shoeing Establishment, where horses will be carefully shod, on the most regular and approved principles, and under his own immediate superintendance. R. H. BUDD,

Veterinary Surgeon, 36 City Hall Place.

N.B. To be had at the above Establishment, New-York, a Practical Treatise on the "Diseases of the foot of the Horse," by R. H. BUDD, Veterinary Surgeon, N. Y. feb 20-1y

VETERINARY SURGERY.

THE SUBSCRIBER, JAMES DRYSDALE, corner of Liberty and Washington street, New-York, tenders his sincere thanks to the citizens of New-York and vicinity, for their liberal patronage since his arrival in this country, and assures them that nothing will be wanting on his part to deserve it more and more. The diffidence of our citizens in employing the regular practitioner is easily accounted for, when we consider the impositions daily practised upon them by empirics and mountebanks, who first gull them and then laugh at their credulity. But I hope the time will soon arrive when a line of demarkation will be drawn bewixt the ignorant pretender and the scientific Veterinary Surgeon; when the former will be treated with the contempt he deserves and the latter receive the patronage and respect, according to his abilities and upright dealings with his patrons. JAMES DRYSDALE,

Veterinary Surgeon, Graduate of the Edinburgh Veterinary School.

N.B. Horses shod as above on the most approved scientific principles. feb 20

New Music, Musical Instruments, and Musical Merchandise,

JUST RECEIVED from Europe, and for sale at *ATWILL'S MUSIC SALOON,* sign of the *Golden Lyre.*—Just received from agents in London and Paris, a very valuable assortment of New Music and Musical Instruments, which, together with an extensive stock on hand, embraces as large an assortment of *Music, Musical Instruments,* and *Musical Merchandise,* as can be found in any establishment in the United States.

Among the Music from London, are the last compositions of eminent masters, arranged for one flute—one and two flutes—flute and piano forte—two flutes and piano forte—entire Operas for the flute—selections from Rossini's Operas for two flutes—Trio's for three flutes, &c.

Among the musical instruments are the much admired ACCORDIONS of various sizes, Spanish GUITARS of every style and pattern, varying in price from $6 to $100.

French and German Violins and Violincellos: Bass Horns and China Bells; Serpents and Keyed Bugles; Concert Trumpets and Horns; Bags and Cases for Guitars, Violins, Flutes, and Accordions; Cymbals, Bassoons, Triangles, Horns, Trumpets; Tuning Forks, Tuning Hammers, Hunting Horns; Steel Wire, Violin Bows, Violin Bridges; Strings for Violins, Guitars, and Violincellos; Reeds for Clarionets, Oboes and Bassoons; Finger Boards, Tail pieces, and Pegs for Violins, &c.

In addition to the above, the subscriber is constantly receiving from his manufactory—

SUPERIOR PIANO-FORTES.

Manufactured expressly for his establishment, of various patterns, of Rosewood and Mahogany, with the Grand Action, Harp stop, Metallic Plates, &c., embracing the latest fashion of furniture with tablet and hollow-cornered fronts, veneered legs and Grecian scrools. All of which are warranted to be made of such materials and so well seasoned as to stand the test of every climate, and can be returned if any defect is found in the instruments—Price from $130 to $650. Piano stools of various patterns to correspond with Pianos, of Rosewood, Mahogany, &c. Piano covers of every variety of colors and qualities.

Piano-forte Tuning-Forks, Hammers, &c. &c. Instruments of every description tuned, repaired, or packed at short notice. Purchasers will find it to their advantage to call and examine the above.

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The price of music, as sold at this establishment, is as low (if not cheaper) as at the other shops about town.

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JOSEPH F. ATWILL, Music Saloon, sign of the *Golden Lyre,*
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AMERICAN RACES TO COME—1836.

Augusta, Ga.	Lafayette Course,	2d Tuesday in April, the 12th.
Belfield, Va.	Spring Meeting,	2d Tuesday in April, the 12th.
Macon, Ga.	Jockey Club,	Monday, 21st March.
Natchez, Miss.	March 16th, Match, mile heats,	$1000 a-side, Pharsalin Course
" "	April 30th, Match, 4-mile heats,	$500 a-side. "
" "	Dec. 1st Match, 4-mile heats,	$500 a-side. "
New-York City.	Jockey Club, Union Course;	1st Spring Meeting, Tues. May, 12th
" "	Monday April 25th, Sweepstakes,	m. heats, entrance $5,000, h. f.
" "	Tuesday, May 3d, Match,	4 m. heats, entrance $5,000 a side, h. f.
" "	Same Day, Sweepstakes,	m. heats, entrance $1000, f. $250.
" "	Wednesday, May 4th, Sweepstakes,	m. heats, ent. $300, h. f.
" "	Thursday, May 5th, Sweepstakes,	m. heats, ent. $300, f. 100.
" "	Second Spg. Meeting, Gnd. Match,	*North* vs. *South*, for $5,000, h. f.
Plaquemine, La.	First Meeting,	3d Wednesday in March.
St. Francisville, La.	First Spring Meeting,	Wednesday, March 23d.
Trenton, N. J.	Eagle Course,	First Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 19th April.
" "	Second Meeting,	1st Tuesday, June 7th.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mrs. McLean, whose *debut* at the Park last season created so much sensation, (she having played before under the romantic cognomen of "Miss Fairfield," at Baltimore or Philadelphia), is studying new characters for the ensuing season, at Camden, N. J.

"*A Subscriber*" will find his communication on the 22d page. A continuance of his essays upon sporting topics will be cordially welcome.

Will J. W. S. H. send us his address or call upon us; it will be $1,00 in his pocket to do either.

"*A Breeder*" is informed that *Rowton* makes his present season at Col. W. Hampton's seat, near Columbia, S. C.

Mr. Jackson's *Victory* will positively remain in his present neighborhood during the ensuing season.

John Forrester Foot, the Comedian, was bred to the printing business, and afterwards edited a provincial paper in England with ability. Let "A Histrion" put that and that together.

A letter from a new *Washington Correspondent* is unavoidably omitted. We shall be glad to hear from *him* or *her* frequently.

Sporting Intelligence.

SOUTH CAROLINA JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

When the first side of this paper went to press, the results of the last days had not reached us: they are now subjoined from the Charleston Courier. [A summary of the races during the meeting will hereafter appear from the *official* source in our Racing Calendar.] For the second and third day's racing, see page 22.

Feb. 20, Fourth Day, Handicap Race, Three mile heats.

The following horses were handicapped for this race:—

Lady Nashville, 5 years old	109 lbs.
Lady Morgan, 4 years old	94 lbs.
Hickory John, 4 years old	100 lbs.
Bowdark, 4 years old	A feather.
Sir Kenrith, 4 years old	102 lbs.
Sam Chifney, 4 years old	90 lbs.
Mattiwan, 3 years old	A feather.
Pomona, 3 years old	87 lbs.
Vertumnus, 4 years old	92 lbs.
Sally Jenkins, 4 years old	87 lbs.
Hebe, 3 years old	A feather.
Eliza Hicks, 4 years old	99 lbs.
Fitz James, 5 years old	95 lbs.

But three nags came to the post:—Col. Crowell's *Lady Nashville*, Dr. Guignard's *Sir Kenneth*, and Mr. Richardson's *Vertumnus*. Lady Nashville and Sir Kenneth being winning horses, they carried their appropriate weights. In the handicapping, ten pounds had been taken off Vertumnus, which, to use the expression of Ovid, in speaking of this god's metamorphosis from a toothless old woman to a roseate youth—"*In juvenem reddit; et annilia demit instrumenta sibi.*"

"Again himself he grew,
The infirmities of heatless age deposed."

After the riders were mounted, they were brought to the post in the following order:—Sir Kenneth, in the track; Vertumnus, next; Lady Nashville, outside.

At the tap of the drum, they were off in handsome style, Sir Kenneth leading, Vertumnus second, and Lady Nashville in the rear. This position was observed until the third and last mile, when Vertumnus and Lady Nashville passed Sir Kenneth, Vertumnus ahead, which place he maintained to the post.

Time of this heat, 6m. 7s.

Before this heat, odds were bet on Lady Nashville against the field; and her backers were so confident of her ability to win, bets of two to one were still made in her behalf against the field. It was very evident that Sir Kenneth was used up, and the only contest would be between Vertumnus and Lady Nashville. After the time for rubbing had elapsed, they were all again at the post, and at the tap of the drum were off in good order. Lady Nashville made play from the word "go," and pressed Vertumnus every inch of the ground, at a most killing pace. The heat was intensely interesting to all, but more particularly to the betters and backers of Lady Nashville. It was doubtful from the starting to the coming in, which would prove the better horse, and at passing the post, Vertumnus beat by the length of his neck only. Many suppose that Lady Nashville would have won the heat, had she not been forced to run out from the track about 120 yards from the post, in order to pass on the outside of Vertumnus. At the last turn at the coming in, Vertumnus ran wide, and Lady Nashville seized the opportunity to take the track inside, which was observed by the rider of Vertumnus, who closed in, and pressed Lady Nashville so near the ditch, that she was compelled at length to run out, as before stated. Had her ladyship won this heat, there would have been no serious opposition to her in the next. Vertumnus had borne all he could sustain, and could not have contended successfully for another heat. The time made this heat was very great, it being run in 5m. 47s. There was much sympathy elicited in behalf of Lady Nashville, who was running with her appropriate weight of 109 lbs., whilst Vertumnus was carrying but 92 lbs., being 10 lbs. under his.

"The eagle, in his pride of flight,
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd."

The handicappers certainly exhibited much skill in the performance of their duties: never were two horses more completely equalized.

After the main race, came off a sweepstake, for the Colt's Purse of $100, together with the entrance money of the horses—mile heats, best three in five. There were but two entries—Mr. Rowe's *Eliza Hicks*, and Dr. Guignard's *Bowdark*. This race afforded no amusement, Eliza Hicks winning the three first heats without an effort.

The day was very fine, and the course was thronged with visitors. We have not learned what were the receipts at the gate, which, with the entrance money for the horses, makes the purse for Saturday: but from what we observed, have no doubt it was very considerable. Thus closed the regular Annual Races of the South Carolina Jockey Club. We were pleased at the order observed on the course, and much credit is due to the stewards for their vigilance.

Feb. 23, Fifth Day, *Citizens' Purse*, $1000, Mile heats. Entries:—

J. G. Winter's ch. c. *Hickory John*, by John Richards, dam by Hickory, 4 years old.
Dr. Guignard's ch. g. *Clodhopper*, 3 years old.
Donald Rowe's ch. f. *Lady Morgan*, by John Richards, dam by Expedition, 4 years old.
Col. Singleton's b. f. *Pomona*, by Chateau Margeaux, dam Mary Ann, 3 years old.

Hickory John won the 1st heat under a hard pull, Lady Morgan trailing and just dropping in the distance, so that she started almost fresh for the 2d heat. The contest was rather one of bottom than speed, and though Hickory "did all that might become a *thorough-bred nag*," victory declared, gallantly enough, for the Lady. He lost the race, but not a whit of reputation.

Lady Morgan	3	1	1
Hickory John	1	2	2
Clodhopper	2	3	dr.
Saladin	bolt.		

Time, 5:52—5:52—6:6.

The course was fully and fashionably attended, and nothing occurred during the day, nor indeed the week, to mar the festivities of the meeting.

Rodolph's Proposition to Angora Accepted.

Gen. Desha writes from Gallatin, Tenn., under date of Feb. 5th, as follows, to the Editor of the Nashville Republican:—

Some time since I published a banter in your paper to run my mare *Angora* against any nag in the World! Mr. Sidney Burbridge of Kentucky has accepted that banter, with certain alterations and conditions, in the following words, to wit—"I will accept his challenge to run over the Greensburgh Course on any day that can be fixed on, that will not prevent me from attending the regular races at Lexington and Louisville with my stable of horses, say two weeks before the commencement of the Lexington fall races, which will be the third Wednesday and the 21st day of September next;" to this acceptance I agree, and to prevent any mistake, will here repeat the terms of the race: "I agree to run Angora 4 mile heats, against *Rodolph* for $5,000 aside, half forfeit, at Greensburgh, Kentucky, on the 21st day of September next." I have already deposited the forfeit, $2,500 in the Union Bank in Nashville, and it is expected that Mr. Burbridge will deposite the same amount at the same place on or before the 1st April next.

ROB'T. DESHA.

Col. Williams' brown Arabian *Bagdad*, died at his residence near Nashville, on the 11th of Feb., "leaving behind him a very interesting and promising family."

Rifle Shooting.—Engravings of the *Targets* recently made by members of the late New-York Rifle Club, were not perfectly completed when our paper was ready, and we are compelled to go to press without them.

Argyle's Southern Match.—There having been some *chaffing* in this quarter with regard to Argyle's match with the choice of four of Col. Crowell's stable, we beg to state that the match will positively come off on the Lafayette Course, Augusta, Ga., on Tuesday, the 12th of April next. To settle any further dispute on the subject, we take the liberty of quoting from one of our private letters, dated Millwood, Feb. 12th, wherein Col. Hampton says "My bet with Col. Crowell is $17,000 on Argyle, to $15,000." Col. Crowell, (of Fort Mitchell, Ala.) is to make his nomination on the morning of the day the match comes off, and half the stakes on either side is forfeited in the event the match does not take place.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson, of Va. has sold his beautiful mare, *Bay Maria*, (by Eclipse, 4 yrs. old,) to Col. Wade Hampton, of South Carolina, who proposes to run her on the four mile day, (April 13th) at Augusta, Ga. Our friend Col. Crowell, who has been carrying off purse after purse, at Columbus, Augusta, Savannah, and Charleston, this year, must look after his trainers and jockies, for when "Greek meets Greek," as in this case, then will indeed "come the tug of war."

To the Editor of the Spirit of the Times:—

Our citizens were highly delighted on Tuesday evening, the 1st instant, with the splendid pugilistic exhibition given by Mr. O'Rourke, at Mr. M'Mahon's large room in Broadway. The house was literally crowded; so much so, that the managers of the exhibition found some difficulty to obtain as much space as was sufficient for a ring. So intense was the heat caused by the immense number of spectators, that it was necessary to lower all the windows. All parted in good humor, and perfectly delighted with the sport. Mr. Reed, our late champion, and Mr. O'Rourke, made a second match to fight, and bound it with a pledge of *Fifty Dollars* each, and agreed to meet at No. 5 Chatham-street on the following evening, to draw articles. Mr. Reed did not make his appearance, and consequently forfeited the $50 to O'Rourke, who received the money from Mr. M'Mahon, who had bound himself to be responsible for the sum stated.

Another match is in steep.

R. O'DONNEL.

A Mistake corrected and Banter accepted.

A Card.—In the Nashville Republican of the 28th of January, Messrs. James Jackson & Co., have thought proper to say, "the agents of the owners of Luzborough, particularly Mr. Pankey, have been trying to injure the character of Lapdog as a Stallion, no doubt to benefit Luzborough." I beg leave to assure the gentlemen, owners of *Lapdog & Co.* that they are greatly mistaken in their conjecture, so far as I am implicated in the charge thus made in a public newspaper. I own *no part* of the horse, nor *am I agent* for the *owners* of him in any respect;—but if I were, I am too old to be caught with such bait, as their proposition contains. The *owners* of Lapdog are well aware of the character it would give their horse, to be named as competitor with such a horse as Luzborough. And indeed they well know that before the *trial, the advantages* arising to Lapdog, by being associated with a horse of such standing, both as a racer and stallion as Luzborough, would more than refund the $2,000 they would lose. As a friend to the *owners* of Luzborough, I cannot consent to place him in competition with such a horse as *Lapdog*; having been tried in his native country, and being worthless, was sold for 120 or 50 guineas. But if Messrs. James Jackson & Co. will run the get of some respectable horse that *now* has colts, which will admit of an *earlier* opportunity of testing the merits of Luzborough's get, *they shall be accommodated*—now gentlemen stand up to the mark—no dodging—let us have neither flashes nor snaps.

In order to make my proposition entirely definite, I propose to name three of the get of Luzborough the spring of 1833, (his first in America,) one of which I will run against one of three, *the get of Leviathan*, the same season, four mile heats the Spring of 1838, for $5,000 half forfeit, the race to be run the Monday before the Spring races, over the Nashville turf; should there be no Spring races in 1838, to be run the fourth *Monday in May*. The rules of the said course to govern the race. The colts and dams to be named the first of April next, at the Mansion House in Nashville, where I will attend and *give security*.

Franklin, Feb. 11, 1836. T. A. PANKEY.

Impressions of America, during the years 1833-4-5, by Tyrone Power, Esq., 2 vols. 12mo pp. 520. Philadelphia, Carey, Lea & Blanchard.

We have run through Mr. Power's book—with what success, our own columns tell. That it is very amusing, and contains many capital anecdotes, there is no doubt. But, to our minds, this is the chief merit of the book, and it surely ought not to be. The whole is too frivolous for a clever man to write.

Perhaps we ought to be ashamed of ourselves, for speaking thus of an author, who, from the beginning to the end of his work, does nothing but bepraise and flatter our country, and its institutions. Yet we are sincere, and therefore must do so. The book is not comparable in cleverness with the beautiful Fanny's. 'Tis not so saucy, to be sure; nor yet is it half so sensible, half so interesting, or half so *manly*. We shrewdly suspect that Mr. Power had "in his mind's eye," while putting his impressions on paper, the probability of his return to our shores; and that this consideration, however unconsciously to himself, controlled, in a great degree, his views of "men and manners in America."

Nothwithstanding all this, however, the book is a readable book—a most readable book; and we ourselves (ungrateful wretches!) are indebted to it for the most amusing pages in our paper.

Mr. Napoleon B. (Bonaparte, we presume,) Hughes, was mulcted in $2000, damages a few days since for refusing to fulfil his contract to marry Rebecca Jordan, alias Rebecca Williams.

We copy the following item from the U. S. Gazette, with grief of heart, for the prevailing propensity in Philadelphia. It involves one of the most desperate puns of which the editor has been delivered for a long time. Courier & Enquirer.

"A man and woman in Boston were on the eve of marriage, all preliminary steps having been taken, when, unluckily, the lady fell into the arms of the law, and thence into the cells of the work-house, where she must remain a considerable time. It is a question now whether, when she gets out of durance, she may not sue the state for breach of promise, inasmuch as she can hardly expect her lover to marry a lady who has been confined before marriage."

Canine Sagacity.—A gentleman of Suffolk being on an excursion with his friend, and having a Newfoundland dog of the party, he soon became the subject of conversation; when the master, after a warm eulogium upon his perfections, assured his companion that he would, upon receiving the order, return and fetch any article he should leave behind, from any distance. To confirm this assertion a marked shilling was put under a large square stone by the side of the road, being first shown to the dog. The gentleman then rode for three miles, when the dog received his signal from the master to return for the shilling he had seen put under the stone. The dog turned back, the gentlemen rode on and reached home, but to their surprise and disappointment, the hitherto faithful messenger did not return during the day. It afterwards appeared that he had gone to the place where the shilling was deposited, but the stone being too large for his strength to remove, he had stayed howling at the place till two horsemen riding by, and attracted by his seeming distress, stopped to look at him, when one of them alighting removed the stone, and seeing the shilling put it into his pocket, not at the time conceiving it to be the object of the dog's search. The dog followed their horses for twenty miles, remained undisturbed in the room where they supped, followed the chambermaid into the bed-chamber, and secreted himself under one of the beds. The possessor of the shilling hung his breeches upon a nail by the bedside; but when the travellers were both asleep the dog took them in his mouth, and leaping out of the window, which was left open on account of the sultry heat, reached the house of his master at 4 o'clock in the morning with the prize he had made free with; in the pocket of which were found a watch and money, that were returned upon being advertised, when the whole mystery was mutually unravelled, to the admiration of all the parties.

[English Sportsman's Annual, for 1836.

A Faithful Dog.—A Perrysburg (Ohio) paper relates a singular circumstance of preservation of life, by a dog. A little girl between five and six years old, while gathering nuts in a forest, was separated from her companions, where she remained about twelve days. The praries were on fire, and the atmosphere dense with smoke; yet the inhabitants of all the adjoining towns turned out, and pursued a diligent search four or five days, when farther exertions were abandoned, as the possibility of the child being alive was out of the question. Their surprise can be better imagined than described, on seeing the little pedestrian emerge from the forest seven or eight days after they had abandoned the search, accompanied by the faithful house dog of the parents, which had accompanied it in all its wanderings. The child was, as might be expected, much emaciated by extreme suffering from hunger and cold, and it had its hair burnt off its head by the burning prarie. The faithful dog, however, suffered more severely by the fire, as is supposed, in endeavoring to preserve the child from being consumed. the child is fast recovering, and the parents' hearts have been made to rejoice over the restored child of their affections.

Great Leap.—A few days since, during a run of Mr. Muster's hounds in Burton Meadows, Northamptonshire, a fine horse, mounted by Lord Dorchester, of the 7th Hussars, made a beautiful and surprising leap, measuring 23 feet.

An old writer says, "the Spaniards are eagles on their horses, lions in their fastnesses, women in the open field."

A modern Spaniard being asked some particulars of the manners and morals of his countrymen, replied, "Read Gil Blas; the Spaniards are the same still."

Out-and-out Bumpers.—Colonel Lennox, after his famous duel with the Duke of York, as is well known, was privately married to Lady Charlotte Gordon, and respecting this marriage the following curious particulars are related by a person who was then in the service of the Duchess of Gordon:—"Before we left London, as I learned afterwards, the Duchess had sent orders to Gordon Castle, confidentially, concerning the marriage-ceremony. It was arranged that the housekeeper should have a certain clergyman in attendance when we arrived. The ceremony took place in the Duchess's best dressing-room. The Duke was not at home.—Nobody in the house but the Duchess and two women-servants, besides the immediate parties, knew of the wedding, not even the Marquis of Huntley, Lady Charlotte's brother, till the third day after. The reason, I believe, was to avoid tedious parade. On the morning of the third day, the Duchess informed her son, the Marquis of Huntley, of the event. As a great number of the neighboring gentry, according to custom, had assembled to welcome the arrival of the family in the North, the young Marquis was very desirous of being himself the instrument to announce the news. Accordingly, after dinner was over, and the ladies had retired, the Marquis, archly addressing Colonel Lennox, said, 'Colonel, allow us to drink Charlotte's health in style.' 'Stay,' said the Colonel, 'let us first get her Grace's leave.' He directly left the room, and returning in a short time, announced to the young Marquis that 'the Duchess gave consent.' 'Then,' said the Marquis, 'let it be in bumpers.' 'Nay,' said the Colonel, 'let us have bottles, and give me two!' So said, so done: each gentleman had a bottle set before him, with the cork ready drawn, and Col. Lennox two, as he had desired. The Colonel then rose from his seat, and gave in a bold and unfaltering voice, 'Lady Chrabotte Lennox!' A burst of astonishment and applause was the consequence. The servants in waiting directly communicated it to those without, and every part of the house literally rang with the news as it flew from room to room. I believe every man at the table drank his bottle of wine in due style, and the bridegroom his two. As the bottles were emptied, they laid them on the table, each one with its neck to a common centre, and thus made the form of a star in honor of the ceremony, which remained till next day."

"Trifles light as air," seems to be the appropriate motto of French periodical literature, as *vive la bagatelle* is the characteristic of the nation. Their literature is as light and airy as themselves, and, like a lamp placed within an alabaster vase, they are both equally transparent, and are made up of lights and shadows without substance. In turning over the pages of some dozen numbers of the *Cabinet de Lecture*, a literary miscellany which appears every three days, we find a number of airy, graceful, and gauze-woven fancies, some of which we have laid by for future introduction into our columns, and one of which we now present to the readers as a pleasant and amusing *jeu-d'esprit*.

[N. Y. Mirror of To-day.

No O's.—I am about to impart to you, gentle reader, in confidence, a misfortune of an unusual character, an incident which will make you smile as it fell to my lot, but would have made you laugh on the other side of your mouth if you had yourself been its victim.

There is a certain journal in circulation, dedicated expressly to the theatres and the movements of the stage, the columns of which are filled with theatrical advertisements, and the *dramatis personæ* of each representation. This journal circulates to a certain extent, and sells for a cent, when it is sold at all.

There was much wisdom in an observation of M. Vautour—"when a man finds that he can't pay his rent, he ought to live in his own freehold." Whether the journal was, or was not able to pay its printer, I cannot take upon me to decide; but, at all events, it purchased a printing-office; not a handsome, new, glittering, first-rate printing-office, but a second-hand affair, made up of the sweepings and refuse of other offices; the press was asthmatic from age and exhaustion; the types were worn out and broken; *f*'s without a cross, *e*'s without a head, and a mass of shapeless, crippled, and incomplete hieroglyphics.

One of these mornings, as the principal editor was busily occupied in the important duty of preparing his *copy*, the foreman made his appearance, pale, wo-begone, and big with some mysterious and awful secret. Requesting a private conference, he addressed his principal to this effect:

"We shall not be able to get the paper out to-day, sir. There are some infernal scoundrels in the world!"

"What's the matter now, pray?"

"A parcel of worthless scum...."

"What do you mean?"

"Thieves."

"Where are you driving?"

"People without delicacy, honor, or principle!"

"How now?"

"Enemies of the press."

"Good heaven! what *is* the matter?"

"Iconoclasts of thought, vandals who set their faces against the march of mind."

"For mercy's sake, explain...."

"They have clandestinely, surreptitiously, feloniously, and burglariously introduced themselves into the printing-office—and stolen all the *o*'s out of the case!"

"The case of *o*'s?"

"Yes—the case of *o*'s!"

"What, every one?"

"They haven't left *o*'s enough to set one. What is to be done?"

"Why, every time that an *o* occurs you must put another letter in its place, at hap-hazard. We must rely upon the subject of the words to make out the sense."

"A precious affair we shall make of it, I fear."

"In the meantime, carry this note to Mr.....our dramatic critic:

"My Dear .....—I am waiting the remarks respecting the piece that was played yesterday evening at the .... theatre; please send it me as quick as practicable. Dress them up with that taste, elegance, wit, and fancy which characterize thy pen, and sprinkle them well with attic salt. Adieu.

P. S. Somebody has stolen the case of *o*'s out of the office, and I send you the note above written without an *o* in it, in order to show you how easy it is to shake off the yoke of the missing letter. My dear friend, do try and avoid the introduction, or, at all events, the multiplication of *o* in your forthcoming article. Excuse my *thying* you in my note, but I could not insert the word *you*, on account of the want of *o*'s.

Two hours afterward the anxiously expected article made its appearance, enclosed in the following epistle:

"Genius can never recognise or submit to any restrictions; and I will not clip the wings of my imagination's angel. Herewith you have my article; I must decline mutilating it, or becoming so outrageously *o*-ssivorous."

The paragraph commenced in this way:

"*On Monday was performed the opera of Cosimo, according to order, before the sovereign of the French, King Leopold, the Dukes of Nemours, and Joinville. Chollet, according to custom, acted with prodigious power; his voice, on this occasion, seemed endowed with more than common melody,*" etc. etc.

In the next publication of the Journal the foregoing article thus figured:

"Hn Msnday was perftrmed the ppera sf Cgsimg, accvrding tp grder, befwre the sxvereign *af* the French, King Lebpeld, the Dukes ef Nemrurs and Jhinville. Challet, recdrding tv custvm, acted with prxdigixus pewsr; ais veice, rn this pccasihn, seemed endfwed with mlre than cemmen melddy," etc. etc.

The above circumstance really occurred.

☞ We wish some gentleman anxious to "kick up a row" would drop into the office of our friend of the Mirror, some dark night, and lay violent hands upon the *kk* of his *kakalologyship*, "bekase" in that event Knoah Webster would be rid of all apprehension of hydrophobia from a new species of the k-nine race.

The crack Refectory down town, since the fire, is that under Horn's Custom-House Hotel. For delicious oysters, or a good old-fashioned dinner, there is not such another establishment in the Ward. It is laughable to see the elbowing here about three o'clock, for a beefsteak, between the jobbers and the *bulls* and *bears* of Wall-street.

Hard Living.—At a social party in town last week, a military gentleman who had seen a good deal of service abroad, in the course of conversation observed that the "hardest living," (*i. e.* dissipation) he had ever seen was in Jamaica. "There," continued he, "it is a common thing for each of us to drink a third of two bottles of wine, and swim the same in a bottle of rum." "And is that what ye's call the *hard living?*" cried an Irish gentleman present. "To be sure it is," rejoined the first, "and, pray, what may you think *hard living?*" "Och, my dear, it's in our country there's the *hard living*—the half o' the people, in the dead o' the winter, sitting on the mud-floor, eating the pratie and drinking the cold water: by the nose o' the Pope! that's what I calls the *hard living!*"

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;

A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE OF THE

SPORTING, LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE WORLD.

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

The New Series of the Spirit of the Times, for Town and Country, commenced its publication on the 20th Feb'ry, 1836, (the Old Series comprised five volumes and a supplement of four numbers), and will be published every Saturday morning, on fine imperial paper, and with beautiful type. Great care is taken to forward it, strongly enveloped and legibly directed, by the earliest mails, to its different subscribers throughout the Union, and particular attention is paid to its punctual and safe transmission, by ship, to foreign ports.

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The invariable charge for Advertisements is annexed:—

For One Square, (twenty-two lines), first insertion *in the paper*	$3 00
For Ditto, (Ditto), each subsequent insertion, *ditto*	0 50
For One Square, (twenty-two lines), first insertion *upon the cover*	$2 00
For Ditto, (Ditto), each subsequent insertion, *ditto*	0 37½

Yearly advertisers upon the cover are only charged $15 per annum for one square, (22 lines) and at that rate; transient advertisers are expected to pay in advance, or give a city reference.

Publication Office, 171 Broadway, where all communications, post-paid, may be addressed.